













THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
NICHOLAS ROWE.

WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

---

Cooke's Edition.

---

---

Next Shakespeare skill'd to draw the tender tear,  
For never heart felt passion more sincere,  
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,  
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.

POPE.

Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,  
That Garth, and Steele, and Addison commend,  
That Brunswick with the Gods his temples bound,  
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd. AMHURST.

O Sacred Shade! thy Writings shall be read  
I all even Arts are with thee founders dead,  
Whilst friendship burns still in a faithful breast  
Thy name be cherish'd and thy worth confess;  
Oblivion is the common mortals' doom,  
But thou shalt live when dead, and flourish in the tomb!

BECKINGHAM.

---

---

EMBEDDED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS

---

---

London :

Printed for C. CROCK, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;

And sold by all the Booksellers in

Great-Britain and

Ireland.



# THE POETICAL WORKS OF NICHOLAS ROWE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,	EPILOGUES,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

*St. St. St.*

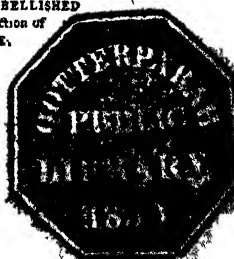
---

Surprise or Joy alike to yield  
Thy various artful Muse was made,  
To dress the warrior for the field,  
Or paint the lover in his shade -----  
Such force fair Virtue does impart  
By thee presented to our view,  
It moves and melts each stubborn heart;  
Her brightness cannot quite subdue.-----  
Would she once more her Skies forsake,  
What other Figures could she chuse,  
What fairer form the goddess take,  
To bless mankind, than from thy Muse?

NEWCOMB.

---

London:  
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED  
Under the Direction of  
C. COOKE.





## LIFE OF ROWE.

---

**N**ICHOLAS ROWE, an author much esteemed for his dramatic writings, was born in the year 1673, and descended from a family which possessed a good estate at Lamberton in the county of Devon. His ancestor had acquired renown in the holy war, and transmitted to posterity his heroic achievements, in the arms borne by the family. His father, John Rowe, who was the first that quitted rural life, and the delightful as well as salutary employment of cultivating his paternal lands, for any lucrative profession; applied himself to the study of the law, in which he acquired such a competent knowledge as raised him to the degree of Serjeant, when he published Benlow's and Dalliton's Reports in the reign of James II. This undertaking offered him an opportunity of defending, in a private, the liberties of the subjects, from the encroachments of the crown, as had been the undeviating practice of his ancestors, amidst all the changes of government. He died April the thirtieth, and was interred in the Temple church.

Nicholas Rowe was initiated in classical learning at a private school at Highgate, and thence removed to Westminster, where, at the age of twelve years, he was elected one of the King's scholars. His genius and application soon recommended him to the favourable regard of his master, Dr. Busby, who never failed to countenance merit, and he was admired throughout the school for the accuracy and facility with which he wrote his exercises in different languages.

His father designing him for the profession of the law, removed him, at the age of sixteen, from Westminster school to the Middle Temple, where he was entered a student, and applied himself with such diligence and perseverance, as enabled him, in the course of a short time, to gain a very comprehensive knowledge of the law, not merely as a series of precedents,

but a system founded on impartial justice, and calculated to promote the general good of mankind.

At the age of nineteen he was freed, by the death of his father, from that control to which he had necessarily been subject from early life, and left at liberty to prosecute those studies which were most congenial to his disposition; so that law gave way to poetry, and he found Euripides, Sophocles, and Shakspeare to possess more charms than Blackstone, Coke, or Littleton. He soon gave proofs of the bent of his genius for dramatic writings; and, at the age of twenty-five, produced his first tragedy, "The Ambitious Step-mother," which was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and met with so favourable a reception, as induced him, from that time, to direct his attention principally to the more elegant departments of literary composition.

This tragedy, though it may be conducted with less judgment than any other of our author's dramatic productions, possesses much animation: the business is precipitate, the characters are active. "The purity of the language;" says, Dr. Welwood (who wrote a life of Rowe, with comments on his works) "the justness of his characters, the noble elevation of the sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play."

His next tragedy was Tamerlane, performed at the same theatre in 1702. In this tragedy he introduced two highly contrasted characters, Tamerlane and Bagdad; the one as descriptive of King William, III. the other of Lewis, XIV. Dr. Welwood says this was the tragedy he valued most, and which Dr. Johnson observes, probably, by the help of auxiliaries, excited most applause. It was acted for a series of years regularly on the fourth of November, in commemoration of the landing of King William, but has been discontinued for some years past; whether from a disavowal of revolutionary principles, or any other cause, we are not to determine. Johnson remarks that, "the virtues of Tamerlane have been arbitrarily assigned

ed to the British Monarch by his poet, as history gives him no other qualities than those which make him a conqueror; besides the fashion of the time was to accumulate upon Lewis all that can raise horror and detestation, and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was bestowed upon King William;” and the Doctor, with his usual point, further observes, “that our quarrel with Lewis being now over, it gratifies neither zeal nor malice to see him painted with aggravated features, like a Saracen upon a sign.”

Dr. Welwood, who differs in opinion with Johnson, says that “the glorious ambition in Tamerlane, to break the chains of enslaved nations, and to set mankind free from the encroachments of lawless power, is painted in the most lively as well as the most amiable colours. On the other side, his manner of introducing on the stage, a prince whose chief aim is to perpetuate his name to posterity, by that havoc and ruin he scatters through the world, are all drawn with that pomp of horror and detestation, which such nefarious actions deserve. And since nothing could be more calculated for raising in the minds of the audience a true passion of liberty and a just abhorrence of slavery, how this play came to be discouraged, next to a prohibition in the latter end of Queen Anne’s reign, I leave it to others to give a reason.”

The *Fair Penitent* made its appearance in 1703. The plan of this tragedy seems to have been borrowed from Massinger’s “*Fatal Dowry*.” It is highly commended by Dr. Johnson, who says it is one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turn of appearing, and probably will long keep it, for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft and fragrant as occasion requires.



It has been observed, and with the greatest justice, that the title of "False Penitent" by no means corresponds with the character and behaviour of Clitio, who at last shews no evident signs of repentance, but may be reasonably suspected of feeling punishment of conscience, rather than from guilt, and expects a more shameful sorrow, and more rage than shame.

The character of Sciolto is strongly marked. The conflict between parental affection, and a noble sense of indignity sustained in the loss of his daughter's honour, is displayed in a manner deeply affecting, though the most poignant strokes of adverse fortune cannot justify a persusive to suicide. Horatio is the most amiable of all characters, and is so sustained as to strike in audience very forcibly. The character of Altamont is deemed, by the actors, one of the most difficult to represent in the drama: there is a kind of perverseness, in him, joined with an unsuspecting honest heart, and a dotting fondness for the false fair one, which it is very difficult to represent. Altamont, however, is one of the most important persons in the drama, though he is in general beheld with neglect, or perhaps with contempt, and but seldom with pity, but if committed to the representation of a good actor, would highly interest the audience, notwithstanding the bluster of Lothario, and the superior dignity of Horatio, for there is something in the character of Altamont, to excite at once our pity and compassion.

In 1706, his tragedy of *Ulysses* was acted at the Theatre, in the Haymarket. On its first appearance it met with some success, but being founded on a mythological story, was afterwards consigned to oblivion; though it has some business, passion and tragical propriety, to recommend it. The character of *Penelope* is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity.

In the course of this year our author deviated from his usual line of writing, and courted the comic, instead of the tragic muse. But *Thalia* was not so favourable to him as *Melpomene*, for when his comedy

of the "Biter" appeared, the audience gave evident tokens of their disapprobation; however, the author was himself so delighted with it, that, according to Johnson's account, he sat in the house laughing, with great vehemence, whenever he had, in his own opinion, produced a jest. But finding that he and the public had no sympathy of mirth, he bid adieu to the comic muse. And, "tried at light scenes no more."

The Royal Convert was acted in 1708. From the motto, *laudatur et ulget* it appears to have met with no great success, though it is by no means destitute of merit. The fable of this play is drawn from an obscure and barbarous age, to which fictions are most easily and properly adapted; for when objects are imperfectly seen, they easily assume forms of imagination. The scene lies among our ancestors in our own country, and therefore very easily catches attention. The characters of Hengist and Aribert are finely contrasted, as are also those of Rhodogune and Ethelinda. "Rhodogune," Dr. Johnson says, "is a personage truly tragical, of high spirit, and violent passions; great with tempestuous dignity, and wicked with a soul that would have been heroic had it been virtuous."

In 1714 the tragedy of "Jane Shore" was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and continues to this day to be performed with universal approbation. The author professes it was written in imitation of Shakespeare's style; but we confess we cannot trace the comparison, or in any instance discover the analogy, and therefore must accord with Dr. Johnson in the following brief remarks on this tragedy.

"In what he thought himself an imitator of Shakespeare it is not easy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the sentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can consist are remote in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakespeare, whose dramas it resembles, only as it is an English story, and some of the persons have their names in history. This play, consisting

consisting chiefly of domestic scenes and private distress, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven because she repents, and the husband is honoured because he forgives. This is, therefore, one of those pieces which we still welcome on the stage."

His tragedy of "Lady Jane Gray," was acted in 1715. The subject had been chosen by Mr. Edmund Smith, author of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, whose papers, at his death, were put into Rowe's hands, consisting of loose hints and short sketches of scenes, such as he describes in his preface. This tragedy is not frequently performed, but whenever it makes its appearance, if the characters are ably sustained, it is well received.

Rowe attempted a tragedy upon the story of the rape of Lucretia in the beginning of the year 1715, when in the country with Pope, and during his stay, their conversation often turned upon the subject of a new tragedy. The death of Charles I. was mentioned, but it was thought too recent, that the character of the present age would be touched in those of their families engaged in that affair, and perhaps some offence in the free speeches of the republicans, given to the crown; it was therefore set aside. Pope advised him to rescue the Queen of Scots out of the hands of Banks, the first author of the Earl of Essex. Rowe said he would consider of it; but if he should attempt it, he would by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; observing, that where she appeared all the queens and heroines upon earth would make but a little figure.\* Other subjects were talked of, but what Rowe himself seemed most inclined to was the Rape of Lucretia. He had written some few verses for the character of Lucretia, but many of the lines were left unfinished,

\* Cibber gives this tale a somewhat different turn, his words are, "Mr. Rowe was a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth, and as he could not well plan a play upon the Queen of Scots's story without introducing his favourite princess, he chose to decline it: besides he knew that if he favoured the Northern lady, there was a strong party concerned to crush it, and if he should make her appear less than she was, and throw a shade over her real endowments, he should violate truth, and incur the displeasure of a faction, which though by far the minority in the political list, he knew would be too powerful for a poet to combat with."

nor did any of them receive the last correction from his hand, though there might be seen in them what intitles Rowe to the character given him by Mr. Amhurst, in his poems on the death of Addison, of "Soft complaining Rowe."

As our author by a competent fortune was happily exempted from the necessity of writing on subjects contrary to his inclination, or sending forth hasty productions to procure the means of present existence; he had opportunity of finishing his works to his own approbation, so that they bore few marks of negligence or hurry. It is very singular, that he either did not solicit, or was not proffered the aid of any of his literary friends, in furnishing either prologue or epilogue to any one of his dramatic productions; as they appear to have been all written by himself.

He undertook an edition of Shakespeare's works, to which he prefixed the life of the author. From this publication he derived no great degree of reputation; Johnson, however, admits, that without the pomp of notes, or boast of criticism, he judiciously restored many passages, and at least contributed to the popularity of his author.

Rowe's attachment to poetry did not entirely disqualify him for business; for he filled the office of under-secretary for three years, when the Duke of Queensbury was principal secretary of state. After the death of the duke, the avenues to his preferment being stopped, he passed his time in retirement during the rest of Queen Anne's reign.

• A story is related by Spence, that he once applied to Harley, Earl of Oxford for some public employment, and that the Earl enjoined him to study the Spanish language, and when, some time afterwards, he came again, and said that he had acquired a competent knowledge of it, he was dismissed with this congratulation. "Then Sir I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original." This story seems rather improbable; for Harley, who was desirous to be  
thought

thought a patron of literature, can hardly be supposed to insult a man of acknowledged merit; and Rowe, who was so zealous a Whig that he did not willingly associate with Tories, it is reasonable to conclude, would not apply for preferment to the leader of the opposite party. Pope, who mentioned the circumstance to a friend, did not say on what occasion the advice was given, and though he owned Rowe's disappointment, doubted whether any injury was intended him, but thought it rather Lord Oxford's *odd way*, as he phrased it. It seems, upon the whole, to have been a kind of squib, which parties are ever disposed to let off upon each other.

When George I. came to the throne, Rowe was made Poet Laureat, in the room of Tate, who died in prison, and in circumstances of extreme indigence: he was likewise made one of the land-surveyors of the port of London. The Prince of Wales chose him Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor, Parker, as soon as he received the seals, appointed him, unsolicited, Secretary of Presentations.—Such an accumulation of employments, undoubtedly produced a very considerable income.

Having already translated some parts of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which had been published in the *Miscellanies*, he undertook a version of the whole work, which he lived to finish, but not to publish. He died on the sixth of December, 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey. A sumptuous monument was afterwards erected to his memory by his wife, for which Mr. Pope wrote an epitaph, which we here insert:

Thy relics, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,  
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust:  
Oh! next him shal'd draw the tender tear,  
For never heart felt passion more sincere;  
No nobler sentiment to hie the brave,  
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.  
Fare thee to thy gentle shade and endless rest!  
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!  
And blest that timely from our scene remov'd  
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd,  
To these in mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,  
The childless parent and the widow'd wife

with tears inscribes this monumental stone  
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

The lines originally wrote by Mr. Pope, for Rowe's monument, were not the above, but those which follow:

Thy relics, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,  
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust;  
Menrath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes,  
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest!  
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!  
One grateful woman to thy fame supply'd  
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

But these lines were afterwards changed for the preceding ones, which we see upon the monument.

The following character is given of Mr. Rowe, by Dr. Welwood, who undertook the care of the publication of his translation of the Pharsalia, and prefixed his life to the work.

“As to his person, it was graceful and well-made; his face regular, and of a manly beauty. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with singular dexterity and ease, in making his thoughts understood. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors, both Greek and Latin; understood the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well. He had likewise read most of the Greek and Roman histories in the original languages, and many that are written in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had a good taste in philosophy, and having a firm impression of religion on his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history. He abhorred the principles of prosecuting men upon account of their principles in religion, and being strict in his own, he took not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation was pleasant, witty and learned, without the least tincture of affectation or pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the company, rendered it impossible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction seemed to be entirely foreign to his constitution,

and whatever provocations he met with, he passed them over without the least thought of resentment or revenge."

"As Homer had a Zoilus, so Mr. Rowe had sometimes his; for there were not wanting malevolent people, and pretenders to poetry too, that would now and then bark at his best performances; but he was so very conscious of his own genius, and had so much good nature, as to forgive them; nor could he ever be tempted to return them an answer. The love of learning and poetry made him not the less fit for business, and nobody applied himself closer to it when it required his attendance."

"When he had just got to be easy in his fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, death swept him away, and in him deprived the world of one of the best of men, as well as one of the best of geniuses, of the age. He died like a christian and a philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an absolute resignation to the divine will. He kept up his good humour to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same tranquillity of mind, and the same indifference for life, as though he had been taking but a short journey."

To this character may be added the testimony of Pope, who says, in a letter to his friend Blount, "Mr Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures."

A less advantageous mention of his companion is reported by Dr. Warburton. "Rowe," says the Doctor, "in Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart." A conversation is added between Pope and Addison, in which Pope is reported to have mentioned the satisfaction which Rowe, their common friend, expressed at some juncture of Addison's

son's advancement; and Addison is said to have replied, "I do not suspect that; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged."

Johnson's remark upon this circumstance is equally candid and pertinent. He says, "This censure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting, but observation daily shews, that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded rather than credited. Addison can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. Few characters can bear the microscopic scrutiny of wit quickened by anger, and perhaps the best advice to authors would be, that they should keep out of the way of one another."

But Pope has left behind him a refutation of this censure, in his Epitaph on Rowe," which contains a liberal encomium on his genius, his patriotism, and his sensibility. A more unquestionable testimony to the excellence of his heart, is to be found in the love and esteem of men of the highest reputation, for abilities and virtue, among his contemporaries.

"Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,  
That Garth, and Steele, and Addison commend."

Rowe, from the concurring opinion of biographers, appears to have been most esteemed as a literary character, for his tragic compositions, and translations. The fate of his "*Biter*," demonstrated his deficiency in comic writing. His beautiful ballad, entitled "*Colin's Complaint*," is the most popular of his little pieces. It may be ranked with the "*Pastoral Ballad*" of Shenstone, of which it is supposed by many to have been the model.

With respect to our author's poetical merit; we submit to our readers the following comment of Dr. Welwood.

B 2

"Critics



“ Critics have complained of the sameness of his poetry ; that he makes all his characters speak equally elegant, and has not attended sufficiently to the manners. This uniformity of versification in the opinion of some, has spoiled our modern tragedies, as poetry is made to supply nature, and declamation characters. Admitting that this defect may be attributed to Rowe, it is more than counterbalanced by the sweetness of his cadence, the chastity of his sentiments and the elegance of his language. Softness was the characteristic of his tragedies ; and, excepting Otway, he is more moving than any other poet of that age, and his diction is more excellently dramatic than any other modern author. Cibber informs us that no author consulted the dignity of the stage more, nor expressed greater disdain at the introduction of pantomimes.

It may justly be said of all Rowe’s tragedies, that never poet painted virtue, religion, and all the relative and social duties of life in a more alluring dress on the stage, nor were vice and impiety more effectually exposed to contempt and abhorrence. There is nothing found in them to flatter a depraved populace, or humour a fashionable folly : they were written from the heart : he practised the virtue he admired, and exhibited, in the whole tenour of his conduct, a most laudable example.

Dr. Johnson enters into a disquisition of the merits of Rowe, as a dramatic writer, with all the keenness of criticism, for which he is so singularly remarkable, and his observations carry with them that force which is so peculiar to his writings, as is evident from the following remarks.

He says, that “ in the construction of his dramas, there is not much art ; he is not a nice observer of the unities. He extends time, and varies place as his convenience requires. To vary the place, is not, in my opinion, any violation of nature, if the change be made between the acts, for it is no less easy for the spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second act,

act, than at Thebes in the first: but to change the scene, as is done by Rowe, in the middle of an act, is to add more acts to the play, since an act is so much of the business as is transacted without interruption.

“Rowe, by this licence, easily extricates himself from difficulties, as in *Jane Grey*, when we have been terrified with all the dreadful pomp of public execution, and are wondering how the heroine or the poet will proceed; no sooner has Jane pronounced some prophetic rhymes, than---pals be gone---the scene closes, and *Penbroke*, and *Gardiner* are turned out upon the stage.

“I know not that there can be found in his plays any deep search into nature, any accurate discriminations of kindred qualities, or nice display of passion in its progress; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much interest or affect the auditor, except in *Jane Shore*, who is always seen and heard with pity. *Alicia* is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow or to natural madness.

“Whence then has Rowe his reputation? From the reasonableness and propriety of some of his scenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse. He seldom moves either pity or terror, but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding.

“The version of *Lucan*\* is one of the greatest productions of English poetry, for there is, perhaps, none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original. *Lucan* is distinguished by a kind of

\* Our author, in his last sickness, having desired Dr. Warton to take the trouble of publishing this book, which is dedicated to the king by his widow according to our poet's desire, the dying request was faithfully executed by that friend, who observes that it was the author's great love of liberty that seduced him to undertake this translation, and that perhaps he was farther animated to it by the conduct of the French translator, Barheuf, who had the honest boldness to publish such a work in his native language, so diametrically opposite to the maxims of the prince then reigning, and that too when all other classics were published for the use of the dauphin, and *Lucan* alone prohibited. Mr. Addison, in the *Freeholder*, recommended our author's undertaking from some specimens he had before given the world of it; wherein, says that excellent critic “the fire of the original is not only kept up, but the sentiments delivered with greater perspicuity, and in a tenderer tone of phrase and verse.”

dictatorial or philosophic dignity, rather, as Quintilian observes, declamatory than poetical, full of ambitious morality and pointed sentences, comprised in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and successfully preserved. His verses, which are such as his contemporaries practised without any attempt at innovation or improvement, seldom want any melody or force. His author's style is sometimes a little diluted by additional infusions, and sometimes weakened by too much expansion. But such faults are to be expected in all translations, from the constraint of measures and dissimilitude of languages. The *Pharsalia* of Rowe \* deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed."

\* This work will be published in the course of the Translations proposed form a part of our UNIFORM POCKET LIBRARY.



# RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

---

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROWE.

BY MR. AMHURST.

**F**AREWEL the Genius of the British stage,  
Farewel the patriot of a madding age,  
O Rowe! unhappy deathless Bard! farewell,  
Whole worth applauding theatres shall tell;  
Oft as thy heroes on the stage appear 5  
Each eye to thee shall drop a grateful tear,  
Shouts to thy name each grateful voice shall raise,  
And clapping crowds in thunder speak thy praise.  
Too cruel Death! that would no longer spare  
This great recorder of the brave and fair, 10  
That in one dreadful instant snatch'd from hence  
The best good nature and the finest sense:  
Too cruel Death! that could refuse to save  
Him that has rescu'd thousands from the grave;  
Him that to latest worlds conveys the fame 15  
Of Tamerlane and great Ulysses' name;  
At whole command departed saints revive,  
And in his moving scenes for ever live;  
Past times return, and from the mould'ring tomb  
Rise up the mighty chiefs of Greece and Rome, 20  
Their ancient legions rally on the plain,  
And act their former triumphs o'er again.  
Touch'd with his powerful magic we deplore  
The beautiful Penitent and guilty Shore;  
Grey, to appease the wrath of human laws, 25  
Bleeds a fair martyr in her Saviour's cause;  
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchless art  
The fatal blow wounds ev'ry British heart;  
We mourn with beating breasts the greedy stroke,  
And yield reluctant to the Romish yoke. 30  
Or idols now succeeds a motley band,  
And Popery pours in upon the land;

Rage, superstition, massacre, and blood,  
 Come arm'd from hell against the public good;  
 Zeal sets on fire the holy Smithfield pile, 35  
 And Priestcraft rages through the trembling isle.

Well has our loyal Poet set to view  
 This diæful scene, this wonder-working crew,  
 A bloody tribe of persecuting elves,  
 That weekly damn all Christians but themselves: 40  
 His gen'rous soul disdain'd that vain pretence,  
 So shocking to the Gospel and to sense,  
 And in his scenes the graceful marks appear  
 Of Christian freedom and of Christian fear.

Firm to that noble cause which fir'd his mind, 45  
 He never to a Popish scheme inclin'd,  
 Nor sought the favours of a Tyburn crowd,  
 Whole perjur'd hearts to foreign gods have bow'd;  
 He judg'd it always an inglorious thing  
 To court their praises who defam'd their king; 50  
 Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,  
 That Garth, and Steele, and Addison command,  
 That Brunswick with the bays his temples bound,  
 And Parker with immortal honours crown'd.

Great Lucan now, by his unwearied pains, 55  
 Breathes Roman liberty in English strains;  
 Dying, this wealthy pledge he left behind,  
 The truest pattern of his freeborn mind.  
 Four times four ages t'is heroic song  
 Has lain unlabour'd from its native tongue, 60  
 Which now, translated with its genuine fire,  
 Shall noble thoughts of liberty inspire,  
 Convince the bigot of the weighty truth,  
 And free from passive chains the British youth.  
 Too long the useful work has been delay'd, 65  
 But well that seeming ill is now repaid;  
 Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more complete;  
 Not ev'ry bard the glorious theme could treat,  
 Not ev'ry bard that in mechanic verse  
 Can a dull love-tale fluently rehearse, 70  
 And can in lifeless jingling lines complain  
 Of the false nymph or the forsaken swain;

Vigour of style and fancy must combine  
 With majesty of rage and pow'r divine  
 To make the English like the Roman shine : 75  
 Such must he be as Lucan was of old,  
 His figures strong, and his expressions bold ;  
 With the same constant love of freedom charm'd,  
 With the same passion for his country warm'd,  
 Whose veins with one unvary'd tenour flow, 80  
 Zealous and active like immortal Rowe.

At length, ye Sons of Servitude ! awake:  
 And from your necks the selfish burden shake,  
 Nor blindly nor disdainfully refuse  
 This last great labour of the laurell'd Muse ; 85  
 Pay the just honours to his sacred head,  
 Nor whom you envy'd living envy dead :  
 Against the dead all violences cease ;  
 Great Chaucer now and Shakespeare rest in peace ;  
 Dryden no more the impious world upbraids, 90  
 And Milton slumbers in the silent shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd in that ancient dome  
 Where soon or late our British Laureates come,  
 Where the fam'd poets of three ages lie,  
 And to their tombs invite the curious eye, 95  
 Where great Newcastle, still to wit a friend,  
 To Dryden bids the stately pile ascend,  
 (Immortal, glorious deed ! which after times  
 Shall celebrate in their exalted rhymes)  
 Amongst thy kindred bards thy bones shall trust, 100  
 And mix in quiet with poetic dust ;  
 There ne'er reign'd dangers shall alarm thy breast,  
 No factious murmurs interrupt thy rest,  
 Banish'd shall be all noise of worldly things,  
 Of warring armies and contending kings, 105  
 The groundless clamours of th' ambitious gown,  
 And Alberoni's crimes shall be unknown ;  
 Pain, loss and sorrow shall be far away,  
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of thy native clay,  
 'Till the last welcome trump shall bid thee rise,  
 Then cloth'd with glory thou'lt ascend the skies. 111

TO THE MEMORY OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

BY MR. BECKINGHAM.

**I**S then the summons true? does partial Fate  
 Retract so early what it gave so late?  
 Must the grave chuse?—Must Rowe the tribute pay,  
 And Merit moulder with the common clay?  
 Is the grim tyrant then so jealous grown? 5  
 Strikes he at human fame to build his own?  
 Has not th' insulting monarch wreaths enow,  
 But must the robber strip the poets brow?  
 Let Nature in her hoary years decay,  
 And mellow Age drop heavily away, 10  
 Let the dull earth-born populace complain,  
 And swell the triumphs of his gloomy reign;  
 Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,  
 Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown,  
 Let these, proud Victor! tremble at thy nod, 15  
 But spare the poet for the public good.

Does sacred heat prophetic breasts inspire?  
 Burns not the poet's with an equal fire?  
 From Heav'n a joint commission can he claim,  
 His soul as large, as sacred is his name; 20  
 Both universal benefits design'd.  
 Both sent to govern and to save mankind,  
 T' unveil mysterious truths to human sight,  
 And let the false bewilder'd judgment right  
 Instructed great ideas to impart, 25  
 To warm the bosom and enrich the heart.  
 Are we not grateful when the lamp of day  
 Shoots forth a genial heat and vernal ray  
 To bless the honest rustic's wintry toil,  
 And bid the careful anxious florist smile? 30  
 Or in some clime where nearer beams abound,  
 And heats immoderate scorch the cleaving ground,  
 When some fierce channel from the seven-mouth'd Nile  
 Pours forth its plenty on the sunburnt soil,

Cumens with lavish streams the gaping earth, 35

And gives the hidden treasures timely birth?

Do gifts like these our gratitude command?

What debtors are we to the poet's hand,

Whose nobler streams in larger currents roll?

Those but inform the ground, and these the soul. 40

Here, Laurell'd Shade! thy own great image see,

To draw the poet is to picture thee:

Th' extensive thought, th' energy divine,

The flame, the genius, and the soul was thine;

Each various note declares thy master skill, 45

How form'd to write, how worthy to excel.

To virtue steady, to thy country true,

We read the poet and the patriot too.

Does liberty demand thy loftier strain?

We gaze with wonder on thy Tamerlane; 50

Thro' ev'ry scene pursue the godlike cause,

And give the fav'rite hero full applause.

When the shrill trumpet summon'd him away,

The warm'd spectator shares the bloody fray,

In anxious wishes feels a soldier's pride, 55

Lifts in the war, and combats on his side.

How does he charm when bounteous to distress,

Sedate in fight, and humble in success!

A victor yet without a victor's mind,

He conquers not to enslave but free mankind, 60

To distant times marks out th' unerring way,

Learns kings to rule and subjects to obey,

Strikes ev'ry bosom with a sacred awe,

And shew the happy age a true Nassau.

Or if some lowly theme the poet claim, 65

Some banish'd lover, or neglected dame,

Love's thousand passions all his skill employ,

The quick alternate tides of grief and joy.

How well he paints the sad extremes of Fate!

How well describes th' unhappy—happy state! 70

Each conscious sinner does his guilt confess,

And awful silence speaks the bard's success,

So well th' expressive miseries are shown,

Some tender breast still makes the woe its own:



The virgin's cheek the moving scene approves, 75  
 And artless sighs betray how well she loves,  
 'The scornful nymph condemns her long disdain,  
 And to her arms invites her injur'd swain.

When some fair wanton \* mourns her past desires,  
 Love's foul embraces and unlawful fires, 84  
 So soft she pleads the pitying audience melt,  
 And clear the sinner tho' they damn the guilt.

The Libertine in love † exults a while  
 On violated charms and ravish'd spoil,  
 But soon his triumphs find a timely date; 85  
 The villain's crimes receive the villain's fate.

But why on single beauties do I dwell,  
 When ev'ry finish'd scene is wrote so well?  
 When thy vast works are in themselves repaid,  
 And modest Nature owns thy happier aid? 90

But now the skill is lost, the music o'er,  
 And he who charm'd us once can charm no more,  
 Envy at last repents her canker'd hate,  
 And feels her error in her loss too late.  
 To native dust now wastes the mortal frame, 95  
 And nought survives the poet but his fame;  
 Brave then in that o'er time or envy's rage,  
 And be a Lucan to a distant age.

Yes, sacred Shade! thy Writings shall be read  
 Till even arts are with their founders dead, 100  
 Whilst friendship burns within a faithful breast,  
 Thy name be cherish'd and thy worth confess:  
 Oblivion is the common mortal's doom, 105  
 But thou shalt live when dead, and flourish in the tomb!

\* Jane Shore.

† Lothario, in *The Fair Penitent*. 2

## A PASTORAL

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF MR. ROWE.

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

DAPHNIS.

SEE! Thyrsis, see! beneath yon spreading thorn,  
 Whose blushing berries ev'ry bough adorn,  
 'The good Menalcas sits, his head reclin'd,  
 His crook thrown by, nor seems his flock to mind;  
 Down from his eyes the briny torrents roll, 5  
 And mighty grief seems lab'ring in his soul:  
 The posture speaks a matchless weight of woe;  
 Haste, Thyrsis! haste, the sudden cause to know.

THYRS. From whence, Menalcas, do these ills arise,  
 Which rack thy breast and overflow thy eyes? 10  
 Has from thy ewe some tender lamb been wrung,  
 Or has thy fav'rite heifer cast her young?  
 Broke are thy folds, by some vile midnight thief,  
 Or is Claiissa cause of all this grief?  
 Does she in secret bless some other swain? 15  
 Why, let her go—her broken faith disdain.

MFNAL. No, Thyrsis! no; a subject greater far  
 Than flocks, or herds, or fickle women, are  
 Claims all these tears, these fruitless tears, I shed,  
 Colin, the soft harmonious Colin's dead! 20

DAPH. Is Colin dead? if that sad tale be true,  
 Then have we cause to mourn as much as you.  
 Colin! the pride and darling of the plain,  
 Admir'd by ev'ry nymph, caress'd by ev'ry swain.  
 Whene'er he tun'd his pipe beneath the shade, 25  
 The nodding boughs beat time while Colin play'd,  
 The feather'd choir about the shepherd throng,  
 And prowling wolves stood list'ning to his song,  
 The browsing goats from rocky cliffs descend,  
 Charm'd with his voice the savage brutes attend. 30

THYRS. O mighty Pan! who now shall chant thy  
 And who record thy fame in tuneful lays? [praise,  
 Where is that he of all the sylvan swains  
 Can equal Colin's soft harmonious strains?

If the dear subject of his song was love, 35  
 Sweet as the Hybla drops his verses prove;  
 If glorious liberty the youth asserts,  
 How did he warm our souls and fire our hearts!

MENAL. Now ev'ry maxim which the shepherd  
 Occurs afresh and dwells in ev'ry thought. [taught  
 "Our flocks," said he, "and feather'd kind, produc/  
 "Their different offspring for their owner's use; 42  
 "For us the wood, the pasture, and the field,  
 "Their several grains and various flowers yield:  
 "Not Pan himself can our own rights oppose, 45  
 "Or crop without our leave one single rose:  
 "A mutual duty still on each depends,  
 "We honour Pan, and Pan our flock defends."  
 Thus Colin taught us slavish yokes to hate,  
 And prize the freedom of our rural state. [appear,

DAPH. See where the nymphs and swains in crowds  
 Yew in their hands, their brows sad cypress wear; 52  
 In solemn state see two by two they tread,  
 And look with downcast eyes and bended head,  
 As if not Colin but themselves were dead. 55

THYRS. Hark how the winds in hollow accents  
 And humid pearls distil from ev'ry stone! [groan,  
 The cooing turtles their lov'd elms decline,  
 And goats forsake their fav'rite flow'ry thyme;  
 The lambs complaining bleat, the heifers low, 60  
 The ox and wether cease their cud to chew;  
 The vocal grove laments young Colin dead,  
 For him the laurel droops and hangs its verdant head!

AMARYL. Help me, Menalcus! help me to complain,  
 To tell to earth, to air, and seas, my pain: ~ 68  
 Colin, the dear lov'd Colin! is no more;  
 Come all ye Nymphs! and Colin's loss deplore.  
 For whom shall we our flow'ry chaplets weave?  
 Or who so well deserves the laurel wreath?  
 Whom now can point thro' all these groves a man 70  
 To celebrate the birth of mighty Pan?  
 Like Colin who can Flora's sweets display,  
 Or paint the gaudy treasures of her May?

O! who like him can tune the oaten reed,  
 O! tread with such a grace th' enamell'd mead ? 75  
 Mourn, all ye Nymphs ! your tears incessant shed,  
 Your tribute's all too poor for him that's dead.

THYRS. Would but relentless Fate our wishes aid,  
 And give to substance back his airy shade,  
 As Pluto once Eurydice of old, 80

A tale I well remember Colin told,  
 To purchase that my tears like thine should flow,  
 But this is fruitless grief and pageant woe.  
 Hark, Amaryllis, hark ! thy bleating lambs  
 Amongst the brakes have lost their udder'd dams ; 85  
 Haste to retrieve them ere too far they stray,  
 And fall to hungry wolves an easy prey. [I'll hold,

AMARYL. Why, let 'em stray, my crook no more  
 My herds no more—no more my flocks I'll fold ;  
 No more will I with daisy pink and rose 90

A garland for the queen of May compose,  
 Since Colin's gone, by whom it was confest  
 That I of all the nymphs deserv'd it best.  
 The winds shall useless prove to fleets at sea,  
 And flow'rs supply no honey to the bee, 95  
 When, Colin ! I forget to mourn for thee.

MFNAL. If Amaryllis, charm'd by Colin's verse,  
 Can shed such floods of tears upon his hearse,  
 Who then can guess the pain, the anxious throes,  
 Which the dear partner of his pleasure knows ? 100  
 What agonies of woe rend Daphne's breast !  
 She whom he lov'd—and she who lov'd him best :  
 Methinks I hear her to her babe complain,

The only relic of her darling swain :  
 The child she tells his ev'ry art and grace, 105  
 And with her tears bedews the infant's face,  
 Whilst the poor babe, unknowing of her cares,  
 Coos in her face and smiles at all her tears. 108

## AN ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF N. ROWE, ESQ.

BY THE REV. MR. NEWCOMB.

**W**HILE o'er thy hearſe with ſad ſurpriſe  
 And ſolemn grief the Muſes mourn,  
 Permit a ſtranger's flowing eyes  
 To ſhed their ſorrows round thy urn. 4  
 Juſt in the bloom of all thy fame,  
 Then to aſſert thy native ſky  
 Abſolves impartial Heav'n from blame,  
 And ſeems as 'twas thy choice to die. 8  
 Thus the great Cæſar ceas'd to live,  
 Thro' vanquiſh'd worlds his Eagles bore;  
 Thus cloſ'd his fame when Fate could give  
 And his bright ſword command no more. 12  
 With ſiniles he views the glitt'ring blade,  
 In that great moment fond to die  
 When Rome beheld her hero's ſhade  
 But mount the fairer up the ſky. 16  
 What penſive Muſe, now thou art fled,  
 Shall o'er Pharfalia's \* warriors mourn?  
 Whoſe voice lament the pious dead,  
 And kindly weep o'er Pompey's urn? 20  
 Whoſe ſoft relenting verſe ſhall ſwell  
 Each Roman heart with conſcious woe?  
 Her genius fled Rome's ſorrow tell,  
 And Cæſar dying o'er his foe? 24  
 Round his great rival's awful head  
 He views a glory ſtill ſurvive,  
 Sighing † that fame and virtue dead  
 He could not own, or ſcorn'd alive; 28

\* The excellent tranſlation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.

† Cæſar is reported by the poet to have wept when Pompey's head was brought to him in Egypt.

Nor mingling with the godlike host  
 Who at Philippi greatly fell,  
 Each Roman thanks thy pious ghost  
 That sung his arms and fate so well, 32

The fields of death once more to stain  
 What future hero will refuse?  
 Or dying dread one moment's pain  
 To live for ever in thy Muse? 36

But far, O far before the rest  
 Great Cato does his arm extend,  
 And in his smiles his love confess,  
 Adores thy shade and calls thee friend. 40

Well pleas'd with ev'ry grace adorn'd  
 So like his own a mind to see,  
 And the great homage which he scorn'd  
 To Cæsar's sword he pays to thee. 44

Now transport does his breast dilate,  
 Within his soul new passions rise,  
 To view Rome's wounds and Pompey's fate  
 So kindly wept by English eyes. 48

While taught by thee Britannia's isle  
 His hero's fall relenting views,  
 He seems beneath his wounds to smile,  
 And Cæsar's self at last subdues. 52

Afric's rich deserts in thy strains  
 Ennoble with the patriot's doom,  
 Excel the flow'ry Latian plains,  
 And Libya triumphs over Rome; 56

Whose grateful sons to moan the brave  
 Despairing in thy Muse are seen,  
 Hiding each faithful warrior's grave  
 With friendly tears and blooming green. 60

In words like thine had they a choice  
 Once more above their fate to try,  
 Thus with their last expiring voice  
 Would each lament his Rome and die. 64

Surprise or joy alike to yield  
 Thy various artful Mule was made,  
 To dress the warrior for the field,  
 Or paint the lover in his shade. 88

Now in the eager chase of fame  
 With some brave chief you upward fly,  
 Now sink, and teach some virgin name  
 In softer numbers how to die. 92

Those forms which to our wond'ring mind  
 Thy fancy paints new glories wear,  
 While love and friendship seem more kind,  
 And beauty's self appears more fair. 96

Such force fair virtue does impart  
 By thee presented to our view,  
 It moves and melts each stubborn heart ;  
 Her brightness cannot quite subdue. 100

While dress'd in angels purest light,  
 Her smiling image does appear  
 Pleasing as beauty to the sight,  
 Or music to the ravish'd ear. 104

Would she once more her skies forsake  
 What other features could she chuse,  
 What fairer form the goddess take,  
 To bless mankind than from thy Muse ? 108

Transported then with fond surprise  
 The lovely guest we should adore,  
 And wonder how our partial eyes  
 Refus'd to own such grace before.

Till viewing those deceiving charms  
 Each breast subdue, we all agree  
 That pow'r which thus our soul disarms  
 Was not her own but lent by thee. 96

Greatness no more with all her train  
 The virtuous mind shall now beguile,  
 By thee instructed to disdain  
 When glory calls the Siren's smile, 100

No more renown and specious fame  
 Shall strive Ambition's rage to hide,  
 Nor Honour be a treach'rous name  
 To shade the tyrant's guilty pride. 104

The brave and gen'rous breast to awe,  
 The honest upright heart to gain,  
 The coward's hand his sword shall draw,  
 The courtier's smiles be try'd in vain. 108

Against that dread thy scenes unfold  
 To arm our breasts in vain we try;  
 Soon as the tragic tale is told  
 We melt, we languish, and we die. 112

The soul awhile her ground maintains,  
 Each death resolving to deride,  
 But when the captive tells her pains  
 That softness owns she strove to hide. 116

To view her rage direct the dart  
 Wakes in our breast a kind surprise,  
 Speaking the frailty of our heart  
 By the soft streams that fill our eyes. 120

Eager our souls to bring relief  
 Swift from their op'ning bosom flow,  
 To sooth the mourning parent's grief,  
 Or guard the infant from the blow. 124

So lively has each nymph complain'd  
 When Fate thy Muse despairing diu,  
 That tho' we know her sorrows feign'd  
 Yet still we weep, and think them true. 128

A while we argue to persuade  
 Our melting eyes to hide their woe,  
 Till to their view the lovely maid  
 Reveals her wounds and bids them flow. 132

Thy artful voice with equal ease  
 Each different passion can employ,  
 Now give us pain, but to increase  
 And from our grief improve our joy. 136



Who in your soft deceiving strains  
 With those kind conquerors agree,  
 Who threaten first the dreadful chains  
 Then set the trembling captive free. 140

What raptures does thy verse infuse  
 When beauty does the theme inspire!  
 What heat transports thy soaring Muse  
 If scenes of war thy bosom fire! 144

While for bright fame or gay delight  
 Each hero you alike prepare,  
 Lead the fierce warrior to the fight,  
 Or the young lover to the fair, 148

Nature, astonish'd at thy art,  
 Casts on thy Muse a jealous eye,  
 Her joys unable to impart,  
 Or longer please when thou art by. 152

The artist thus, his skill to grace,  
 Some beauteous breathing form design'd,  
 Forlakes the virgin's cheek, to trace  
 Features more bright in his own mind. 156

Each glowing charm the canvass fires  
 Does with delight the nymph surprise,  
 Who owes that beauty she admires  
 More to his pencil than her eyes. 160

What tho' our laurels fairer rise,  
 And from thy ashes date their bloom?  
 We pay too dearly for the prize  
 Thus sadly purchas'd by thy doom? 164

Pity, ye Gods! that doubtful dart  
 Which your mysterious anger threw  
 Should give at once both joy and smart,  
 Augment our fame and sorrow too. 168

Just so the skies, severely bright,  
 Their vengeful lightnings oft employ,  
 And gild that oak with fairer light  
 They mean next moment to destroy. 172

How mournful is the only choice  
 Your heav'ns afford our breast to ease!  
 Or to lament thy dying voice,  
 Or never hope our own should please! 176

Thus to the heirs of bright renown  
 The purple you a while deny,  
 Who, ere they boast the regal crown,  
 Must view their king and parent die, 180

Strange! that the glories which we claim  
 From thy sad fate no pleasures give,  
 The fair increase of all our fame  
 The only cause for which we grieve. 184

See Shakespeare's awful rev'rend shade  
 Rising his fav'rite to adore!  
 And binds thy brows with laurel, made  
 By Fame to shade his own before. 188

To thy indulgence pleas'd to owe  
 The terrors that his Muse imparts,  
 To swell our eye the scenes of woe,  
 The moving dread to shake our hearts, 192

The diff'rent fates of all that reign  
 Distinguish'd in whose Mute appear,  
 What the good man may hope to gain,  
 And what the daring tyrant fear. 196

Whose tragic voice shall next presume  
 To fill our breasts with sad despair?  
 Or trembling for the lover's doom,  
 Or anxious for the dying fair? 200

To tears whose sighs her wrongs confess  
 Our eyes with soft compassion flow,  
 Teaching thy virgin's feign'd distress  
 To give our bosom real woe. 204

In vain we ask our reason's aid  
 To stop our tears or ease our pain,  
 To view thy sad repenting maid  
 Each cheek must swell each heart complain. 208

O' sooth her anguish ! calm her grief!  
 O' quickly to her refuge fly !  
 O' bring the fainting fair relief,  
 Or with her give us leave to die' 212

Such moving scenes thy Muse unfolds,  
 Constrain'd its anguish to declare,  
 A savage heart each bosom holds  
 That can attend and not despair. 216

What wonders does thy verse contain,  
 What magic thro' thy numbers flows !  
 Pleas'd with our grief we then complain,  
 Then only when we want our woes' 220

No eye those sorrows does refuse  
 Thy pensive maids expiring give,  
 Scarce more delighted when thy Muse  
 Suspends their fate and bids them live. 224

Strange that our cheeks should grieve the more  
 When you the falling tear restrain !  
 And to forbid us to deplore  
 Should only give us greater pain ! 228

Thus trembling for her lover's fate  
 A while the virgin's sorrows flow,  
 Owing to hear his sighs abate  
 Her joy more painful than her woe. 232

Oh ! may each Muse with sorrows meet  
 Soft as thy own thy worth declare,  
 Since nothing but a voice so sweet  
 Can ever sing a fame so fair. 236

A second life to thy great dead  
 Thy kind inspiring numbers gave :  
 Had we that pow'r the tears we shed  
 Had full to wet some other grave. 240

Thine like each fabled hero's age  
 Thyself with virtue didst inspire,  
 And acting well on life's frail stage  
 Dost with the same applause retire. 244

## MISCELLANIES.

---

### U N I O.

**D**UM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore,  
Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calet.  
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,  
Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.  
Ut videt æternis ambas concurrere votis, 5  
Quæ regit hortorum maxima Flora, vices,  
Fælices jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utrisque  
Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.  
Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,  
Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam. 10

### THE UNION.

**W**HILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose  
Her freshest op'ning beauties did disclose,  
Her the rough Thistle from a neighb'ring field  
With fond desires and lovers' eyes beheld;  
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts, 5  
And wooes the gentle flow'r with softer arts:  
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,  
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love,  
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,  
Who does in fields and painted meads preside, 10  
And crowns the gardens with their flow'ry pride,  
With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine  
To favour what their goddess did design,  
And did them in eternal union join.  
"Henceforth," she said, "in each returning year, 15  
"One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear,  
"The Thistle's lasting grace thou, O my Rose ' shall be,  
"The warlike Thistle's arms a sure defence to thee."

## MÆCENAS.

*Verses occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax, 1714, being that year installed Knight of the most noble order of the Garter.*

**P**HŒBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace  
A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race.  
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,  
From books and his retirement call'd him forth,  
Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,  
The Consul's fasces and Patrician gown;  
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,  
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow;  
To him he bade the suppliant nations come,  
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome. 10

The god of Wit, who taught him first to sing  
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,  
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.  
"Forbear," he cry'd, "to rob me of my share,  
"Our common fav'rite is our common care; 15  
"Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give,  
"But Phœbus only bids the poet live.  
"The service of his faithful heart is thine;  
"There let thy Julian star an emblem shine;  
"His mind and her imperial seat are mine. 20  
"Then bind his brow, ye Thespian Maids!" he said;  
The willing Muses the command obey'd,  
And wove the deathless laurel for his head. 28

## VERSES.

MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

**W**HILE at our house the servants brawl,  
And raise an uproar in the hall,  
When John the butler and our Mary  
About the plate and linen vary,  
Till the smart dialogue grows rich  
In Sneaking Dog! and Ugly Bitch!  
Down comes my lady, like the Devil,  
And makes them silent all and civil.

' Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,  
And scatters tempests brewing there ;  
Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,  
And one scold makes another cease.

12

## ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET

**A**MPHION strikes the vocal lyre,  
And, ready at his call,  
Harmonious brick and stone conspire  
To raise the Theban wall.

In emulation of his praise  
Two Latin Signors come  
A sinking theatre to raise,  
And prop Van's tott'ring dome.

But how this last should come to pass  
Must still remain unknown,  
Since these poor gentlemen, alas !  
Bring neither brick nor stone.

12

## A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, ETC.

Humbly inscribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

**W**HILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,  
And Anna trusts to thee the British state,

While Fame to thee from ev'ry foreign coast

Flies with the news of empires won and lost,

Relates what'er her busy eyes beheld,

5

And tells the fortune of each bloody field,

While with officious duty crowds attend

To hail the labours of thy godlike friend,

Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear,

10

For sacred numbers shall be still thy care.

Tho' mean the verse, tho' lowly be the strain,

Tho' least regarded be the Muse of all the tuneful train

Yet rise, neglected Nymph ! avow thy flame ; -

Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim

To make thy numbers equal to thy theme :

From Heav'n derive thy verse ; to Heav'n belong  
 The counsels of the wise and battles of the strong ;  
 To Heav'n the royal Anna owes alone  
 The virtues which adorn and guard her throne ;  
 Thence is her justice wretches to redress, 20  
 Thence is her mercy and her love of peace,  
 Thence is her pow'r, her sceptre uncontroll'd,  
 To bend the stubborn and repress the bold ;  
 Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,  
 To heal their breaches and to sooth their rage ; 25  
 Thence is that happy prudence which presides  
 In each design, and ev'ry action guides ;  
 Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,  
 And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,  
 To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care, 30  
 And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye Nations ! rescu'd by her sword,  
 Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,  
 Arise, and join the heroine to bless,  
 Behold she sends to save you from distress ; 35  
 Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,  
 'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.  
 And thou, Iberia ! rous'd at length, disdain  
 To wear enslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain ;  
 For see ! the British Genius comes to cheer 40  
 Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war ;  
 With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,  
 And bids them burn for liberty and arms.  
 Unhappy Land ! the foremost once in fame,  
 Once lifting to the stars thy noble name, 45  
 In arts excelling, and in arms severe,  
 The western kingdoms' envy and their fear,  
 Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,  
 Thy ancient valour and thy first renown ?  
 How art thou sunk among the nations now ! 50  
 How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,  
 And dropt the warriors wreath inglorious from thy  
 Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore [brow  
 The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,

But oft alternate made the victors yield,  
 And prov'd their might in many a well fought field;  
 Bold in defence of liberty they stood,  
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in Moorish blood:  
 Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd;  
 The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd : 60  
 'Then ev'ry nobler thought their minds did move,  
 And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for love.  
 Like one those sacred flames united live,  
 At once they languish and at once revive ;  
 Alike they shun the coward and the slave, 65  
 But blest the free, the virtuous, and the brave.  
 Nor frown, ye Fair ! nor think my verse untrue ;  
 Tho' we disdain that man should man subdue,  
 Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you.

Yet once again that glory to restore, 70  
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.  
 With echoing peals at Anna's high command  
 Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land ;  
 High at their head, Iberia's, promis'd lord,  
 Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword ;  
 His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow, 76  
 Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe ;  
 With joy he reads in ev'ry warrior's face  
 Some happy omen of a sure success,  
 Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand, 80  
 And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor Fate denies what first his wishes name,  
 Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,  
 With the first laurel binds his youthful brows, [stows.  
 And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath be-  
 But soon the equal of his youthful years, 86  
 Philip of Bourbon's haughty line, appears :  
 Like hopes attend his birth, like glorious grace,  
 (If glory can be in a tyrant's race ;)  
 In numbers proud he threatens no more from far, 90  
 But nearer draws the black impending war ;  
 He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,  
 And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.



Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils  
 That urge the hero, and reward his toils,  
 Plac'd in their view alike their hopes engage,  
 And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.  
 Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,  
 So daring, fierce, untam'd and furious are  
 As when ambition prompts the great to war ; 100  
 As youthful kings, when, striving for renown, [crown.  
 They prove their might in arms, and combat for a  
 Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long  
 Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung,  
 Till forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield, 105  
 Charles to his rival quits the fatal field ;  
 Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,  
 And ev'n the British valour seems to fail ;  
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,  
 Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame, 110  
 They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,  
 Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,  
 Still to defend the town and animate the war.  
 But lo ! when ev'ry better hope was past,  
 When ev'ry day of danger seem'd their last, 115  
 Far on the distant ocean they survey,  
 Where a proud navy ploughs its wat'ry way.  
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,  
 Upon the chief's tall topmasts waving high,  
 The British Cross and Belgic Lion fly. 120  
 Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear  
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air ;  
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,  
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious skies,  
 While from below old Ocean groans profound, 125  
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,  
 Ring with the deaf'ning shock, and thunder all around !  
 Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd,  
 Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd,  
 Where by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd ; 130  
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,  
 Numbers and ev'ry other want supply'd,  
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd :

Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,  
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome. 135

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal  
Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!  
Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,  
And tell the anguish of his lab'ring heart!  
What paint, what speaking pencil, shall express 140  
The blended passions striving in his face!  
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,  
With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest curse.

Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous charms  
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms, 145  
When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,  
The pride of pow'r and glory of a crown,  
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,  
Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain!

All hail! ye softer happier arts of peace, 150  
Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease,  
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,  
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field:  
But chief thee, goddess Muse! my verse would raise,  
And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise; 155  
Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,  
Thy verdant ever-living laurels laid!

There ease, no pleasures there, no pains, they know,  
But those which from thy sacred raptures flow,  
Nor wish for crowns but what thy groves bestow. 160  
Me, Nymph divine! nor scorn my humble pray'r,  
Receive unworthy to thy kinder care,  
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly fate,  
Nor wishing once nor knowing to be great;  
Me to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring, 165  
Where secret thy celestial sisters sing,  
Fast by their sacred hill and sweet Castalian spring.

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,  
And raise his heart with high triumphant joy;  
From hence a better course of time rolls on, 170  
And whiter days successive seem to run;  
From hence his kinder fortune seems to date  
The rising glories of his future state;

From hence—but oh ! too soon the hero mourns  
 His hopes deceiv'd and war's inconstant turns. 175  
 In vain his echoing trumpets' loud alarms  
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms ;  
 Carclets of fame, as of their monarch's fate,  
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they fate,  
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180  
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their guard,  
 Untouch'd with shame the noble strife beheld,  
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field ;  
 But fought in the cold shade and rural seat,  
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat, 185  
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,  
 Then, with a lazy dull indifference,  
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to Chance.  
 So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,  
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190  
 And swift descending on her painted bow,  
 Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below,  
 Nodding and slow his drowsy head he rear'd,  
 And heavily the sacred message heard ;  
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain, 195  
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.  
 But oh, my Muse ! th' ungrateful toil forsake,  
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,  
 Nor chuse in melancholy strains to tell  
 Each harder chance the juster cause beset : 200  
 Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight  
 Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,  
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire  
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.  
 See where at once Ramillies noble field 205  
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield !  
 See where at once the dreadful objects rise,  
 At once they spread before my wond'ring eyes,  
 And shock my lab'ring soul with vast surprise !  
 At once the wide extended battles move, 210  
 At once they join, at once their fate they prove !  
 The roar ascends promisc'ous ; groans and cries,

The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, supplies  
 One universal anarchy of noise!  
 One din confus'd, sound mixt and lost in sound, 210  
 Echoes to all the frighted cities round!  
 Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,  
 Stain the bright day, and taint the purer skies;  
 While flashing flames like lightning dart between,  
 And fill the horror of the fatal scene! 220  
 Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,  
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter, roam;  
 Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin tread,  
 And laughing wraps her in her lattic'd weeds,  
 While fierce Bellona thunders in her car, 225  
 Shakes terrible her steely whip from far,  
 And with new rage revives the fainting war!  
 So when two currents, rapid in their course,  
 Rush to a point, and meet with equal force,  
 The angry billows rear their heads on high, 230  
 Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly,  
 And rising cloud the air with misty spry,  
 The raging flood is heard from far to near,  
 By list'ning shepherds on the distant shore,  
 While much they fear what ill it should portend, 235  
 And wonder why the wat'ry gods contend.  
 High in the midst Britannia's warlike chief,  
 Too greatly bold and prodigal of life,  
 Is seen to press where death and dangers call;  
 Where the war bleeds and where the thickest fall 240  
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.  
 Like heat diffus'd his great example warms,  
 And animates the social warriors' arms,  
 Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,  
 Makes the young heroes, and renews the old. 245  
 In forms divine around him watchful wait  
 The guardian Genii of the British state;  
 Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,  
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side;  
 Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard, 250  
 And pleasing Liberty his labours cheerd;

But chief the angel of his queen was there,  
 The Union Crois his silver shield did bear,  
 And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear ;  
 While Victory celestial soars above, 255  
 Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,  
 Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,  
 And ever arms his sword with sure success,  
 Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy,  
 Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy. 260  
 Such was young Amunon on Arbela's plain,  
 Or such the painter \* did the hero feign,  
 Where rushing on and fierce, he seems to ride  
 With graceful ardour and majestic pride,  
 With all the gods of Greece and Fortune on his side.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain 266  
 Labours the fight unequal to maintain,  
 He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul  
 Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall ;  
 Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd, 270  
 And Heav'n contending on the victor's side,  
 Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,  
 And yields reluctant to the force of Fate.  
 So when Æneas thro' night's gloomy shade  
 The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd, 275  
 Hopeless he left the burning town and fled,  
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,  
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast reward, O Europe! shalt thou pay  
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day ? 280  
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations! where he goes,  
 And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.

In ev'ry land, in ev'ry city, freed  
 Let the proud column rear its marble head,  
 To Marlborough and Liberty decreed : 285  
 Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,  
 To teach' your wond'ring sons the hero's praise :

To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,  
 For him the tuneful voice betought to sing, ' 289  
 'The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the tum-  
 bling string.

O happy thou, where peace for ever smiles,  
 Britannia ! noblest of the ocean's isles,  
 Fair Queen ! who dost amidst thy waters reign,  
 And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main,  
 What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd 295  
 When Fame at first the pleasing story told !  
 How didst thou lift thy tow'ry front on high !  
 Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,  
 Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove,  
 How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy choice approve,  
 And fixt success where thou hadst fixt thy love ! 301  
 How with regret his absence didst thou mourn !  
 How with impatience wait his wish'd return !  
 How were the winds accus'd for his delay !  
 How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea, 305  
 And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way !

At length he comes, he ceases from his toil,  
 Like kings of old returning from the spoil :  
 To Britain and his queen for ever dear,  
 He comes their joy and grateful thanks to share. 310  
 Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,  
 And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet ;  
 While form'd alike for labours or for ease,  
 In camps to thunder, or in courts to please, 314  
 Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,  
 In all his dangers, all his triumphs share :  
 Conq'ring he lends the well pleas'd fair new grace,  
 And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face ;  
 Britain, preserv'd by his victorious arms, 319  
 With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms,  
 Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.  
 Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauteous store  
 So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,  
 Now shines with graces never known before ;  
 Pleased with transporting joy she seems to burn, 325  
 And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn ;

New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,  
 And on her blooming cheeks fresh roses rise;  
 The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue,  
 And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew, 330  
 Improves what Nature's bounteous hand had giv'n,  
 And mends the fairest workmanship of Heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,  
 But spreads to all the grateful people round:  
 Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil, 535  
 To tend the flocks, and turn the mellow soil,  
 In homely guise their honest hearts express,  
 And bless the warrior who protects the peace,  
 Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar  
 The dreadful ravage of the wasting war: 340  
 No rude destroyer cuts the rip'ning crop,  
 Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope;  
 No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,  
 Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze;  
 The victor's chain no mournful captives know, 345  
 Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe;  
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,  
 The cheerful voice of Mirth is heard to sound,  
 And Plenty doles her various bounties round.  
 The humble village and the wealthy town 350  
 Consenting join their happiness to own.  
 What Heav'n and Anna's gentlest reign afford,  
 All is secur'd by Marlborough's conq'ring sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd name! O thou  
 That wert our greatest William once below! 355  
 What place so'er thy virtues now possess,  
 Near the bright source of everlasting bliss,  
 Where'er exalted to ethereal height,  
 Radiant with stars thou tread'st the fields of light,  
 Thy seats divine, thy Heav'n, a while forsake, 360  
 And deign the Briton's triumph to partake.  
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight  
 To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,  
 How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right.  
 What once below such still thy pleasures are; 365  
 Europe and Liberty are still thy care:

Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal, mind  
 Is e'er to the public good inclin'd,  
 Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.  
 Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift, 370  
 At parting to thy native Belgia left,  
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,  
 'Thy watchful counsels and laborious wars ;  
 Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,  
 Fights to secure an empire not his own, 375  
 Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown.  
 At length thy pray'r, O pious Prince ! is heard,  
 Heav'n has at length in its own cause appear'd ;  
 At length Ramillia's field atones for all  
 The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul ; 380  
 At length a better age to man decreed,  
 With truth, with peace and justice, shall succeed ;  
 Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.  
 One triumph yet, my Muse ! remains behind ;  
 Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find ; 385  
 On Lombard plains beyond his Alpine hills  
 Louis the force of hostile Britain feels :  
 Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,  
 And distant wars her wealthy sons supply ;  
 From slow unactive courts they grieve to hear 390  
 Eugene, a name to ev'ry Briton dear,  
 By tedious languishing delays is held  
 Repining and impatient from the field :  
 While factious statesmen riot in excess,  
 And lazy priests whole provinces possess, 395  
 Of unregarded wants the brave complain,  
 And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain ;  
 At once, with gen'rous indignation warm,  
 Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm :  
 Straight eager to the field he speeds away, 400  
 There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay  
 The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day.  
 Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,  
 Once more their fate the warriors long to prove ;  
 Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head, 405  
 Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead.



Again their crests the German Eagles rear,  
 Stretch their broad wings and fan the Latian air;  
 Greedy for battle and the prey they call,  
 And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul. 410  
 The chief commands, and soon in dread array  
 Onwards the moving legions urge their way;  
 With hardy marches and successful haste  
 O'er every barrier fortunate they pass'd  
 Which Nature or the skilful foe had plac'd. 415  
 The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,  
 To mark which way the wary leader bends,  
 Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wick,  
 Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,  
 And meanly hopes a conquest from surprise. 420  
 Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,  
 And oft advances and as oft retreats,  
 Now fix'd to wait the coming force he seems,  
 Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams,  
 While river gods in vain exhaust their store, 425  
 From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,  
 Rile o'er their utmost margins to the plain,  
 And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain:  
 Alike they pass the plain and close wood,  
 Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood; 430  
 Unshaken still pursue the steadfast course, [force.  
 And where they want their way, they find it or they  
 But anxious thoughts Savoy's great prince infest,  
 And roll ill boding in his careful breast:  
 Oft he revolves the ruins of the great, 435  
 And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,  
 The hapless mark of Fortune's cruel sport,  
 An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support  
 From the slow bounties of a foreign court!  
 Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat, 440  
 His glory once and empire's ancient seat,  
 He sees from far, where wide destructions spread,  
 And fiery show'rs the goodly town invade,  
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,  
 And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate. 445

But great Eugene prevents his ev'ry fear,  
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there :  
 Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,  
 Nor all the Gallic pow'rs, his promis'd aid delay  
 Like Truth itself, unknowing how to fail, 450  
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.  
 Thus ever certain does the sun appear,  
 Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year ;  
 Thus constant to his course sets out at morn, 454  
 Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is home,  
 And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.  
 Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,  
 Then friendly succour for the brave prepare,  
 And on the foe united bend the war. 459  
 O'er the steep trench and rampart's guarded height  
 At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight :  
 With idle arms the Gallic legions seem  
 To stem the rage of the resistless stream ;  
 At once it bears them down, at once they yield,  
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the field : 465  
 Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,  
 At once the vanquish'd own the victor's pow'r :  
 Thro'out the field where'er they turn their sight  
 'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight. 469  
 Swift to their rescu'd friends their joys they bear,  
 With life and liberty at once they cheer,  
 And save them in the moment of despair.

So timely to the aid of sinking Rome  
 With active haste did great Camillus come ,  
 So to the Capitol he forc'd his way, 475  
 So from the proud Barbarian's snatch'd his prey,  
 And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis! cease,  
 And leave at length the lab'ring world in peace ,  
 Lest heav'n disclose some yet more fatal scene, 480  
 Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin ;  
 Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,  
 And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn ,

Left urg'd at length thy own repining slave,  
 Tho' fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,  
 Pursue thy hoary head with curls to the grave. 486

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT.

TO LADY WARWICK.

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

I.

**H**EARING that Chloe's how'r crown'd  
 The summit of a neighb'ring hill,  
 Where ev'ry rural joy was found,  
 Where health and wealth were plac'd around  
 To wait like servants on her will; 5

II.

I went and found 'twas as they said,  
 That ev'ry thing look'd fresh and fair;  
 Her herds in flow'ry pastures stay'd,  
 Delightful was the green-wood shade,  
 And gently breath'd the balmy air. 10

III.

But when I found my troubled heart  
 Uneasy grown within my breast,  
 My breath came short, and in each part  
 Some new disorder seem'd to start,  
 Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest; 15

IV.

"Some noxious vapour sure," I said,  
 "From this unwholesome soil must rise;  
 "Some secret venom is convey'd,  
 "Or from this field, or from that shade,  
 "That does the powers of life surprize." 20

V.

Soon as the skilful leech beheld  
 The change that in my health was grown,  
 "Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field;  
 "Diseases which such symptoms yield  
 "Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone. 25

VI.

"Alike she kills in ev'ry air;  
 "The coldest breast her beauties warm;

" And tho' the fever took you there,  
 " If Chloe had not been to fair,  
 " 'The place had never done you harm."

30

## THE VISIT.

**W**IT and Beauty t'other day  
 Chanc'd to take me in their way,  
 And, to make the favour greater,  
 • Brought the Graces and Goodnature,  
 Conversation came beguiling,  
 Joy in dimples ever smiling,  
 All the pleasures here below  
 Men can ask of gods bestow.  
 A jolly train, believe me! No:  
 There were but two, Lapell \* and Howe.

10

## THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A——D——.

## I.

**A**S on a summer's day  
 In the green-wood shade I lay,  
 The maid that I lov'd,  
 As her fancy mov'd,  
 Came walking forth that way;

5

## II.

And, as she pass'd by,  
 With a scornful glance of her eye,  
 "What a shame," quoth she,  
 "For a swain must it be  
 "Like a lazy loon for to die!"

10

## III.

"And dost thou nothing heed  
 • "What Pan our god has decreed,  
 "What a prize to-day  
 "Shall be giv'n away  
 "To the sweetest shepherd's reed?"

15

## IV.

"There is not a single swain  
 "Of all this fruitful plain

\* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harrey.

“ But with hopes and fears  
 “ Now busily prepares  
 “ The bonny boon to gain.

20

## V.

“ Shall another maiden shine  
 “ In brighter array than thine ?  
 “ Up, up, dull swain !  
 “ Tune thy pipe once again,  
 “ And make the garland mine.”

25

## VI.

“ Alas, my love !” he cry’d,  
 “ What avails this courtly pride ?  
 “ Since thy dear desert  
 “ Is written in my heart,  
 “ What is all the world beside ?

30

## VII.

“ To me thou art more gay,  
 “ In this homely russet grey,  
 “ Than the nymphs of our green,  
 “ So trim and so sheen,  
 “ Or the brightest queen of May.

35

## VIII.

“ What tho’ my fortune frown,  
 “ And deny thee a filken gown ?  
 “ My own dear maid !  
 “ Be content with this shade  
 “ And a shepherd all thy own.”

40



# EPISTLES.

## AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,

### ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES

#### ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

*Written by a Lady her Friend.\**

**F**LAVIA, to you with safety I commend  
This verse, the secret failing of your friend :  
To your good nature I securely trust,  
Who know that to conceal is to be just.  
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone, 5  
From friends, acquaintance, and the light, would run;  
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,  
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.  
Some confidant by chance she finds (tho' few  
Pity the fools whom love or verse undo) 10  
Whose fond compassion sooths her in the sin,  
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure in the better ages of old time  
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime ;  
From Heav'n they both, the gods' best gifts, were  
Divinely perfect both and innocent. [sent,  
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known ; 17  
None felt a warmth which they might blush to own :  
Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,  
And spent in pure untainted joys the day : 20  
Artless their loves, artless their numbers, were,  
While Nature simply did in both appear,  
Nor could the censor or the critic fear :  
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heav'n bestow'd,  
Nor were too curious of the given good. 25  
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,  
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.  
In one curs'd age, to punish vice and sin,  
Critics and hangmen both at once came in.  
Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate, 30  
And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.

\* Anne, Countess of W.inchelsea,

Unnatur'd censure would be sure to damn  
 An alien wit of independant fame,  
 While Bays, grown old, and harden'd in offence,  
 Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense. 5  
 Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along  
 A crew of foreign words into our tongue,  
 To ruin and enslave the free-born English song.  
 Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,  
 And to four volumes let his plays run on, 40  
 Then a lew'd tide of verse with vicious rage  
 Broke in upon the morals of the age.  
 The stage (whose art was once the mind to move  
 To noble daring and to virtuous love)  
 Precept with pleasure mix'd no more protest, 45  
 But dealt in double meaning bawdy jest;  
 'The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,  
 And drive them from the guilty theatre.  
 Ye wretched Bards! from whom these ills have sprung,  
 Whom the avenging pow'rs have spai'd too long, 50  
 Well may you fear the blow will surely come,  
 Your Sodom has no Ten t' avert its doom;  
 Unless the fair Ardelia will alone  
 To heav'n for all the guilty tribe atone;  
 Nor can Ten saints do more than such a One: 55  
 Since she alone of the poetic crowd  
 To the false gods of Wit has never bow'd,  
 The empire which she saves shall own her sway,  
 And all Parnassus her blest'd laws obey.  
 Say from what sacred fountain, Nymph divine! 60  
 The treasures flow which in thy verse do shine?  
 With what strange inspiration art thou blest!  
 What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast!  
 Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,  
 But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came. 65  
 To numbers great like thine th' angelic choir  
 In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;  
 Viewing with pitying eyes our cares, with thee  
 They wisely own that "All his vanity;"  
 Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know, 70  
 And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those blest'd mansions reach,  
 And mortal Muses may immortal teach,  
 In verse like his the heav'nly nation raise  
 Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise : 75

Not shall celestial harmony disdun  
 For once to imitate an earthly strain,  
 Whose fame secure no rival e'er can fear,  
 But those above and fair Ardcha here.

She who undaunted could his raptures view, 80  
 And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue,  
 Safe thro' the Dithyrambic stream she steer'd,  
 Not the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd :  
 Not so the rest, who with successful pain  
 Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain 85

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,  
 While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood :  
 Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd,  
 The matchless dame could only stem the tide,  
 And gain the glory of the farther side. 90

See with what pomp the antic mask comes in,  
 The various forms of the fantastic spleen !  
 Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,  
 False joy, bred by false hope and false fears,  
 Each vice, each passion, which pale nature wears 95  
 In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.

Like Bays's dance confus'dly round they run,  
 Statesman, coquette, gay fop, and penit'nt nun,  
 Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,  
 With Monkish drones that dream away their lives. 100

Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,  
 Nor found but from Ardelia's numbers ease.  
 The dancing verse runs thro' my sluggish veins,  
 Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.  
 Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste, 105

And to returning joy resign my breast,  
 Then free from ev'ry pain I did endure,  
 I bless the charming author of my cure.

So when to Saul the great musician play'd, 110

The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,  
 And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer shade.



# STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

*On Mr. Addison's going to Ireland*

## I.

**Y**E Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea,  
Who chain loud storms and still the raging main !  
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,  
And bring the faithful lover safe again. 4

## II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,  
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,  
Of ev'ry joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,  
And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood. 8

## III.

Ah, fairest maid ! whom, as I well divine,  
The righteous gods his just reward ordain,  
For his return thy pious wishes join,  
That thou at length mayst pay him for his pain. 12

## IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,  
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range,  
I charge thee be by his example true,  
And shun thy sex's inclination, change. 16

## V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,  
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart,  
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,  
Then think of Lycidas and guard thy heart. 20

## VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,  
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise,  
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,  
Sooth all thy senses and thy passions raise ; 24

## VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,  
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn,  
Nor let thy heart know our delight sincere  
Till thy own truest Lycidas return. 28

## TO LORD WARWICK,

## ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

**W**HEN fraught with all that grateful minds can  
 move,  
 With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love,  
 The Muse had wish'd on this returning day  
 Something most worthy of herself to say.  
 To Jove she offer'd up an humble pray'r 5  
 To take the noble Warwick to his care.  
 "Give him," she said, "whate'er diviner grace  
 Adorns the soul or beautifies the face;  
 "Let manly constancy confirm his truth,  
 "And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth:  
 "Give him to fame, to virtue, to aspire, 11  
 "Worthy our songs and thy informing fire;  
 "All various praise, all honours let him prove,  
 "Let men admire, and sighing virgins love;  
 "With honest zeal inflame his gen'rous mind, 15  
 "To love his country and protect mankind."  
 Attentive to her pray'r, the god reply'd,  
 "Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?  
 "Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his pow'r,  
 "And making what he is can add no more: 20  
 "Yet since I joy in what I did create,  
 "I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's fate,  
 "And lengthen out his years to some uncommon date."

## TO LADY JANE WHARTON.

## ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

**W**HILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph 'your searches  
 And trace its rolling circuit round the sun, [run,  
 You seem'd the world beneath you to survey,  
 With eyes ordain'd to give its people day;  
 With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,  
 While ours are poorly lighted up by one. 6  
 How did those rays your happier empire gild!  
 How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field!

Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,  
And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.

10

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,  
No friendly moon reflects your absent light :  
And, oh ! when yet ere many years are past  
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,  
When some young hero, with resistless art,  
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart,  
How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,  
And want those suns that rise for them no more !  
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,  
And for his sake your world must be undone.

15

20

### TO MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

**T**IR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,  
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies ;  
She sees her spreading flames consume around,  
And not another conquest to be found :  
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,  
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain ;  
One only joy which in her heart she wears,  
The dear companion of her flight she bears.  
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,  
Thus into banishment his gods he took ;  
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace  
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place,

5

11



## EPIGRAMS.

---

### EPIGRAM.

*On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato, occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.*

**W**HILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,  
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia fate;  
But tho' her pride forbade her eyes to flow,  
The gushing waters found a vent below.  
Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns, 5  
Like twenty river gods with all their urns.  
Let others crew an hypocritic face,  
She shews her grief in a sincerer place.  
Here Nature reigns and passion void of art,  
For this road leads directly to the heart. 10

### IMITATED IN LATIN.

**P**LORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,  
Ecce! oculis siccis Cælia fixa sedet;  
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,  
Invenère viam quâ per opaca fluant:  
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abunde,  
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua. 6  
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:  
Quæ magis sincera est Cælia parte dolet.  
Quæ mera natura est, non personata per artem,  
Quæque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ. 10

### EPIGRAM.

*TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.*

**T**HO' in the Commons' House you did prevail,  
Good Sir Cleeve Moore and gentle Master Hale!  
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying;  
Burgeis for Bramber is no place to die in.  
Your predecessors have been oddly fated;  
Asgill and Shippen have been both translated. 6

## EPIGRAM.

*On the Prince of Wales, then Regent, appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.*

**T**HY Guardian, blest Britannia! scorns to sleep;  
When the sad subjects of his father weep;  
Weak princes by their fears increase distress,  
He faces danger, and so makes it less.  
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;  
He knows to save is greater than destroy.

6



## ODES.

### ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1716.

#### I.

**H**AIL to thee, glorious rising Year!  
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!  
Comely art thou in thy prime,  
Lovely child of hoary Time!  
Where thy golden footsteps tread, 5  
Pleasures all around thee spread;  
Bliss and beauty grace thy train:  
Mute! strike the lyre to some immortal strain.  
But oh! what skill, what master-hand,  
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band! 10  
Loose, like my verse, they dance, and all without com-  
Images of fairest things [mand.  
Crowd about the speaking strings;  
Peace and sweet Prosperity,  
Faith and cheerful Loyalty, 15  
With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

#### II.

Ye scowling Shades who break away,  
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day!  
Ev'ry fiend and fiend-like form,  
Black and fullen as a storm, 20  
Jealous Fear and false Surmise,  
Danger with her dreadful eyes,  
Faction, Fury, all are fled,  
And bold Rebellion hides her daring head.  
Behold, thou gracious Year! behold 25  
To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,  
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!  
See thy George, for this is he!  
On his right-hand waiting free,  
Britain and fair Liberty: 30  
Ev'ry good is in his face,  
Ev'ry open honest grace;  
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

## III.

See the sacred scion springs,  
 See the glad promise of a line of kings! 35  
 Royal youth! what bard divine,  
 Equal to a praise like thine,  
 Shall in some exalted measure  
 Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure!  
 Who her joy in thee shall tell, 40  
 Who the sprightly note shall swell,  
 His voice attempt'ring to the tuneful shell?  
 Thee Audenard's recorded field,  
 Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,  
 And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival yield;  
 Troubled he, with sore dismay, 45  
 To thy stronger fate gave way;  
 Safe beneath thy noble scorn  
 Wingy footed was he borne  
 Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn. 50

## IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,  
 From thee shall lead the coming ages forth!  
 Crested helms and shining shields,  
 Warriors fam'd in foreign fields,  
 Hoary heads with olive bound, 55  
 Kings and lawgivers renown'd!  
 Crowding still they rise anew  
 Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.  
 Young Augustus! never cease,  
 Pledge of our present and our future peace; 60  
 Still pour the blessings forth and give thy great increase.  
 All the stock that Fate ordains  
 To supply succeeding reigns,  
 Whether glory shall inspire 65  
 Gentler arts or martial fire,  
 Still the fair descent shall be  
 Dear to Albion all like thee,  
 Patrons of righteous rules and foes to tyranny.

## V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,  
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the sky! 70

## ODES.

On the op'ning Year dispense  
 All your kindest influence:  
 Heav'nly Pow'rs! be all prepar'd  
 For our Carolina's guard:  
 Short and ealy be the pains 75  
 Which for a nation's weal the heroine sustains.  
 Britannia's Angel be thou near'  
 The growing race is thy peculiar care;  
 Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair!  
 George by thee was wafted o'er 80  
 To the long expected shore;  
 None presuming to withstand  
 Thy celestial armed hand,  
 While his sacred head to shade  
 The blended cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

## VI.

But oh! what other form divine 86  
 Propitious near the hero seems to shine!  
 Peace of mind and joy serene  
 In her sacred eyes are seen;  
 Honour binds her mitred brow, 90  
 Faith and Truth beside her go,  
 With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.  
 A thousand storms around her threat,  
 A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,  
 While fix'd upon a rock she keeps her stable seat. 95  
 Still in sign of surg defence  
 Trust and mutual confidence,  
 On the monarch standing by  
 Still she bends her gracious eye,  
 Nor fears her foes approach while Heav'n and heare nigh.

## VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious care; 101  
 Be gone, pale Envy! and thou, cold Despair!  
 Seek ye out a moody cell,  
 Where Deceit and Treason dwell;  
 There repining, raging, still 105  
 The idle air with curses fill,  
 There blast the pathless wild and the bleak northern hill;



There your exile vainly moan ;  
 There where with murmurs horrid as your own  
 Beneath the sweeping winds the bending forests groan ;  
 But thou, Hope ! with smiling cheer, 111  
 Do thou bring the ready year.  
 See the hours ! a chosen band,  
 See with jocund looks they stand,  
 All in their trim array, and waiting for command. 115

## VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,  
 Hope leads Increase and chaste Connubial Love ;  
 Flora sweet her bounty spreads,  
 Smelling gardens, painted meads ;  
 Ceres crowns the yellow plain, 120  
 Pan rewards the shepherd's pain :  
 All is plenty, all is wealth,  
 And on the balmy air sits rosy-colour'd Health.  
 I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,  
 Like many waters swells the pealing noise, 125  
 While to their monarch thus they raise the public voice :  
 " Father of thy country ! hail,  
 ' Always ev'ry where prevail :  
 Pious, valiant, just, and wise,  
 ' Better suns for thee arise, 130  
 ' Purer breezes fan the skies ;  
 ' Earth in fruits and flow'rs is drest,  
 ' Joy abounds in ev'ry breast :  
 ' For thee thy people all, for thee the Year, is blest. 143

## ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1717.

WINTER ! thou hoary venerable fire,  
 All richly in thy furry mantle clad,  
 What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,  
 To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad ?

## II.

Now I see the reason plain, 5  
 Now I see thy jolly train ;  
 Snowy-headed Winter leads,  
 Spring and Summer next succeeds,  
 Yellow Autumn brings the rear :  
 Thou art father of the Year. 10

## ODES.

63

## III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth  
 Abounding plenty takes her birth,  
 The conscious fire exulting sees  
 The seasons spread their rich increase;  
 So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd  
 On beauteous Form, their lovely child.

15

## IV.

O fair Variety!  
 What bliss thou dost supply!  
 The foul brings forth the fair  
 To deck the changing Year.  
 When our old pleasures die,  
 Some new one still is nigh;  
 Oh fair Variety!

20

## V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn;  
 And now we laugh, and now we mourn.  
 Britannia late oppress'd with dread,  
 Hung her declining drooping head:  
 A better visage now she wears,  
 And now at once she quits her fears:  
 Strife and war no more she knows,  
 Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

25

30

## VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master  
 In security she sits,  
 Plants her loose foundations faster,  
 And her sorrows past forgets.

35

## VII.

Happy Isle! the care of Heav'n,  
 To the guardian hero giv'n;  
 Unrepining still obey him,  
 Still with love and duty pay him.

## VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy shore  
 While contesting kings attend him,  
 Could he, Britain! give thee more  
 Than the pledge he left behind him?

40

43

## ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

## I.

THOU fairest sweetest daughter of the skies.  
 Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace !  
 With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,  
 And Britain's new-revolving Janus blest !

## II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee, 5  
 Dances merrily along,  
 Frowns and frowns all afore thee,  
 And for thee are ever young.  
 Ever, Goddess ! thus appear,  
 Ever lead the joyful Year. 10

## III.

In thee the night, in thee the day, is blest ;  
 In thee the dearest of the purple east :  
 'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,  
 Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart.  
 To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong, 15  
 'Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

## IV.

Awake the golden lyre,  
 Ye Heliconian choir !  
 Swell ev'ry note still higher,  
 And melody inspire 20  
 At heaven and earth's desire.

## V.

Hark, how the sounds agree  
 With due complacency !  
 Sweet Peace ! it is all by thee,  
 For thou art harmony. 25

## VI.

Who by Nature's fairest creatures  
 Can describe her heav'nly features ?  
 What comparison can fit her ?  
 Sweet are roses, she is sweeter ;  
 Light is good, but Peace is better. 30

## ODES.

67

Would you see her, such as Jove,  
Form'd for universal love,  
Bless'd by men and gods above ?  
Would you ev'ry feature trace,  
Ev'ry sweetly smiling grace ?  
Seek our Carolina's face.

35

## VII.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,  
Fruitful in eternal pleasures,  
Still their bounty shall increase us,  
Still their smiling offspring blest us.  
Happy day when each was giv'n  
By Cæsar and indulging Heav'n !

40

## CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial Pair !  
Still let Britannia be your care,  
And Peace and Carolina crown the Year.

45

## ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH DAY, 1718.

## I.

**O**H touch the string, celestial Muse ! and say  
Why are peculiar times and seasons blest ?  
Is it in fate that one distinguish'd day  
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the east ?

## II.

Look on life and nature's race,  
How the careless minutes pass,  
How they wear a common face ;  
One is what another was  
Till the happy hero's worth  
Bid the festival stand forth,  
Till the golden light he crown,  
Till he mark it for his own.

5

10

## III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,  
Unthought of as the things that never were,  
Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,  
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year !

15

## IV.

Now Nature be gay  
In the pride of thy May,

To court let thy graces repair ;  
 Let Flora bestow 20  
 The crown from her brow  
 For our brighter Britannia to wear.

## V.

Thro' ev'ry language of thy peopled earth,  
 Far as the Iet's or Cæsar's influence goes,  
 Let thankful nations celebrate his birth, 25  
 And bleſs the author of the world's repose.

## VI:

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,  
 And Po that glides thro' poplar shades,  
 And Tagus bright in sands of gold,  
 And Arethusa, rivers old, 30  
 Their great deliv'rer ſing ;  
 Nor, Danube ! thou, whoſe winding flood  
 So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,  
 To Cæſar ſhall reſuſe a ſtrain,  
 Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain 35  
 Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

## CHORUS.

To mighty George that heals thy wounds,  
 That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,  
 The joyful voice, O Europe ! raiſe :  
 In the great mediator's praiſe 40  
 Let all thy various tongues combine,  
 And Britain's feſtival be thine. 42

## ODE TO THE THAMES,

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

## I.

**K**ING of the Floods ! whom friendly ſtars ordain  
 To fold alternate in thy winding train,  
 The lofty palace and the fertile vale,  
 King of the Floods ! Britannia's darling, hail !  
 Hail with the Year ſo well begun, 5  
 And bid his each revolving ſun,  
 Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion run.

## II.

From thy never-failing urn,  
 Flowers bloom, and fair increase  
 With the seasons take their turn ; 10  
 From thy tributary seas  
 Tides of various wealth attend thee ;  
 Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

## III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,  
 Augusta's hallow'd domes arise, 15  
 And there thy ample bosom pours  
 Her num'rous souls and floating tow'rs ;  
 Whole terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,  
 And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

## IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain, 20  
 While thy banks confine thy course,  
 Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,  
 Mingling clemency and force.

## V.

So mayst thou, still secur'd by distant wars,  
 Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars ; 25  
 As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,  
 Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.

## VI.

On thy shady margin  
 Care its load discharging,  
 Is lull'd to gentle rest : 30  
 Britain thus disarming,  
 Not no more alarming,  
 Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

## VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,  
 To sleep auspicious dreams, 35  
 Thy meadows, Thames ! to feeding sheep,  
 To thirst thy silver streams ;  
 More sweet than all the praise  
 Of Cæsar's golden days :  
 Cæsar's praise is sweeter, 40  
 Britain's pleasure greater .

Still may Cæsar's reign excel;  
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus! ever wait,  
As now, on Britains kindest fate;  
Crown all our vows and all thy gifts bestow  
Till Time no more renews his date,  
And Thames forgets to flow.

45









## SONGS.

---

### SONG. A GAME AT FLATS\*.

I.

**W**HILE Sappho with harmonious airs  
Her dear Philenis charms,  
With equal joy the nymph appears  
Dissolving in his arms.

4

II.

Thus to themselves alone they are  
What all mankind can give ;  
Alternately the happy pair  
All grant and all receive.

8

III.

Like the Twin Stars, so fam'd for friends,  
Who set by turns and rise,  
When one to Thetis' lap descends  
His brother mounts the skies.

12

IV.

With happier fate and kinder care  
These nymphs by turns do reign,  
While still the falling does prepare  
The rising to sustain.

16

V.

The joys of either sex in love  
In each of them we read ;  
Superlative each to each does prove,  
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

20

### SONG. COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE TUNE OF GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

I.

**D**ESPAIRING, beside a clear stream,  
A shepherd forsaken was laid,  
And while a false nymph was his theme  
A willow supported his head.  
The wind that blew over the plain

4

\* Theseanzas were made on Mrs. B. - - - and a lady her companion  
whom she calls Captain.

To his sighs with a sigh did reply.  
And the brook, in return to his pain,  
Ran mournfully mumbling by. 3.

## II.

"Alas! silly swain that I was!"  
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,  
"When first I beheld that fair face  
" 'Twere better by far I had dy'd. 12,  
"She talk'd and I bless'd the dear tongue,  
"When she smil'd it was a pleasure too great;  
"I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung  
"Was nightingale ever so sweet! 16

## III.

"How foolish was I to believe  
"She could dote on so lowly a clown,  
"Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
"To forsake the fine folk of the town? 20  
"To think that a beauty so gay  
"So kind and so constant would prove,  
"Or go clad like our maidens in grey,  
"Or live in a cottage on love? 24

## IV.

"What tho' I have skill to complain,  
"Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd,  
"What tho' when they hear my soft strain  
"The virgins sit weeping around? 28  
"Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,  
"Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,  
"Thy false one inclines to a swain  
"Whose music is sweeter than thine. 32

## V.

"And you, my companions so dear,  
"Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
"Whatever I suffer forbear,  
"Forbear to accuse the false maid. 36  
"Tho' thro' the wide world I should range  
"'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
"'Twas her's to be false and to change,  
"'Tis mine to be constant and die. 40

## SONGS.

73

## VI.

" If, while my hard fate I sustain  
 " In her breast any pity is found,  
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
 And see me laid low in the ground. 44  
 The last humble boon that I crave  
 Is to shade me with cypresses and yew,  
 And when she looks down on my grave  
 Her own that her shepherd was true. 48

## VII.

" Then to her new love let her go,  
 " And deck her in golden array,  
 " Be swift at ev'ry fine show,  
 " And frolic it all the long day, 52  
 " While Colin, forgotten and gone,  
 " No more shall be talk'd of or seen,  
 " Unless when, beneath the pale moon,  
 " His ghost shall glide over the green ' 56



G

## REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

## I.

Y<sup>E</sup> Winds! to whom Colin complains,  
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,  
 Believe me, the shepherd but teigns  
 He is watched to know his wit. 4  
 No chamber like Colin can move,  
 And this is some pretty new art -  
 Ah! Colin's a pinner in love,  
 And likes to play tricks with my heart. 8

## II

When he will be can sigh and look pale,  
 Seem doleful and sicken his face,  
 Can tremble, and shiver his stake,  
 Ah! Colin has ever, pace. 12  
 The willow my lover prefers  
 To the breast where he once begg'd to lie,  
 And the streams that he swells with his tears  
 Are rivals belov'd more than I. 16

## III

His head my fond bosom would bear,  
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest,  
 Let the swan that is slighted despair,  
 But Colin is only in jest. 20  
 No death the over-er designs;  
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;  
 For Colin but dies in his lines,  
 And gives himself that modish air. 24

## IV.

Can shepherds bred far from the court  
 So wittily talk of their flame?  
 But Colin makes passion his sport;  
 Beware of so fatal a game. 28  
 My voice of no music can boast,  
 Nor my person of ought that is fine,  
 But Colin may find, to his cost,  
 A face that is fairer than mine. 32

## V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,  
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,  
And die in the much-favour'd brook,  
Where Colin does now sit and weep.

36

Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,  
In dreams so smooth and divine;  
Perhaps I may rise from my grave,  
To hear such soft music as thine.

40

## VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,  
The hearts-ease, the lily, and pinks,  
Did thy fingers a garland compose,  
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink.  
How oft, my dear swain! did I swear  
How much my fond love did admire  
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,  
Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire!

44

48

## VII.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,  
That all your small subjects obey'd,  
And still you reign'd king of this heart,  
Whole passion you tallly upbraid.  
How often, my swain! have I said  
Thy arms are a palace to me,  
And how well I could live in a shade,  
Tho' adorned with nothing but thee?

52

56

## VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,  
Tho' never so fine and so gay?  
I freely would leave beds of down  
For 'twixt haystack on a bed of new hay.  
Then, Colin! return once again,  
Again make me happy in love,  
Let me find thee a faithful true swain,  
And as constant a nymph I will prove.

60

64

## SONG.

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

## I.

LAY thy flow'ry garlands by,  
 Ever-blooming gentle May!  
 Other honours now are nigh,  
 Other honours see we pay.  
 Lay thy flow'ry garlands by, &c

## II.

Majesty and great renown  
 Wait thy beamy brow to crown,  
 Parent of our hero, thou  
 George on Britain didst bestow.  
 Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,  
 With the plummy helm, become;  
 Thee the spear and shining shield,  
 With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

## III.

Call thy better blessings forth,  
 For the honour of his birth;  
 Still the voice of loud Commotion,  
 Bid complaining murmurs cease,  
 Lay the billows of the ocean,  
 And compose the land in peace.  
 Call thy better, &c.

## IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May!  
 For this boon, this happy day,  
 Janus, with the double face,  
 Shall to thee resign his place;  
 'Thou shalt rule with better grace:  
 'Time from thee shall wait his doom,  
 And thou shalt lead the Year for ev'ry age to come.

## V.

Fairest month! in Cæsar pride thee,  
 Nothing like him canst thou bring,  
 Tho' the Graces smile beside thee,  
 Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

## VI.

Tho' like Flora thou array thee,  
Finer than the painted bow,  
Carolina shall repay thee  
All thy sweetness, all thy show.

35

## VII.

She herself a glory greater  
Than thy golden sun discloses,  
And her smiling offspring sweeter  
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

39





## SONG,

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DUL HUSBAND

## I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,  
 And bless their light divine,  
 I stand confounded with amaze,  
 To think on what they shine.

4

## II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems  
 To fix their influence,  
 Which kindles not at those bright beams,  
 Nor wakens into sense.

8

## III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,  
 I could not but complain

This fairest work in vain.

12

## IV.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,  
 Are ignorantly led  
 To think those glorious lamps were made  
 To light Tom Fool to bed.

16



## SONG, AH WILLOW!

TO MRS. A—D—IN HER SICKNESS.

**T**O the Brook and the Willow that heard him  
 Ah Willow, Willow! [complain  
 Poor Colin sat weeping and told them his pain.

Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow! 4

## II.

Sweet Stream! he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow,  
 Ah Willow! &c.

And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.

Ah Willow! &c. 8

## III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,

Ah Willow! &c.

And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.

Ah Willow! &c. 12

## IV.

To the nymph my heart loves ye soft slumbers repair,

Ah Willow! &c.

Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your

Ah Willow! &c. [care.

## V.

Dear Brook! were thy chance near her pillow to creep,

Ah Willow! &c.

Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.

Ah Willow! &c. 20

## VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,

Ah Willow! &c.

So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose.

Ah Willow! &c. 24

## VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;

Ah Willow! &c.

If the loss of my dear one, my love, is decreed;

Ah Willow! &c. 28

## VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd;  
Ah Willow ! &c.

If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard!  
Ah Willow ! &c.

32

## IX.

Believe me, thou fair one ! thou dear one ! believe,  
Ah Willow ! &c.

Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears, will I give.  
Ah Willow ! &c.

36

## X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,  
Ah Willow ! &c.

And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.  
Ah Willow ! &c.

40

## XI.

Then run, gentle Brook ! and to lose thyself haste,  
Ah Willow, Willow !

Fade thou too, my Willow ! this verse is my last.  
Ah Willow, Willow ! ah Willow, Willow !

44



## TO THE SAME SINGING.

WHAT charms in melody are found  
To soften ev'ry pain!

How do we catch the healing sound,  
And feel the soothing strain!

4

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair!

I bid my heart rejoice,  
I shake off ev'ry sullen care,  
For sorrow flies thy voice.

8

The seasons Philomel obey,  
Whene'er they hear her sing;  
She bids the winter fly away,  
And she recalls the spring.

12



## SONG. THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

**S**INCE I have long lov'd you in vain,  
 And doted on ev'ry feature,  
 Give me at length but leave to complain  
 Of so ungrateful a creature. 4  
 Tho' I beheld in your wandering eyes  
 The wanton symptoms of ranging,  
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,  
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing. 8  
 SHE. Why should you blame what heav'n has made,  
 Or find any fault in creation ?  
 'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,  
 But Nature's inclination. 12  
 'Tis not because I love you less,  
 Or think you not a true one,  
 But, if the truth I must confess,  
 I always lov'd a new one. 16



# PROLOGUES.

## PROLOGUE TO THE NONJUROR,

A COMEDY BY MR. CIBBER,

*As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

- **T**O night, ye Whigs and Tories! both be safe,  
Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.  
We mean to fouse old Satan and the Pope;  
If y've no relations here nor friends we hope.  
    'th of theirs supplies the comic stage 5  
    ' 'tust materials for satiric rage;  
    'think our colours may too strongly paint  
    'th Nonjuring reparation saint.  
    'th breeding ne'er commands us to be civil  
    'those who give the nation to the devil, 10  
Who at our finest best foundation strike,  
And hate our monarch and our church alike,  
Our church—which aw'd with reverential fear,  
Scarcely the Muse pretumes to mention here:  
Long may she then her worst of foes defy, 15  
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky!  
While theirs—but satire silently disdains  
To name what lives not but in madmen's brains.  
Like hawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,  
And fears the Justice's inquiring clerk. 20  
In close back rooms his routed flocks he rallies,  
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:  
There late he lets his thund'ring censures fly,  
Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,  
And excommunicates three stories high. 25
- **W**hy, since a land of liberty they hate,  
Still will they linger in this freeborn state?  
Here ev'ry hour fresh hateful objects rise;  
Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes;  
With anguish prince and people they survey, 30  
Their just obedience and his righteous sway.  
Ship off, ye slaves! and seek some passive land,  
Where tyrants after your own hearts command;

To your Tránfalpine master's rule resort,  
And fill an empty abdicated court :  
Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,  
And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.



## PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

*As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1704*

SPOKEN BY MR. BITTERTON.

**I**F humble wives, that drag the marriage chain,  
 With cursed dogged husbands, may complain,  
 If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,  
 They may at least for alimony sue.  
 Know we resolve to make the case our own,  
 Between the plaintiff Stage, and the defendant Town.  
 When first you took us from our father's house,  
 And lovingly our int'rest did espouse,  
 You kept us fine, carels'd, and lodged us here,  
 And honey-moon held out above three year :  
 At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,  
 Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste ;  
 And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,  
 We found your love was dwindled to respect.  
 Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,  
 You stopp'd and call'd to see if we were well :  
 Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun,  
 Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.  
 Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race,  
 Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace,  
 And borne you many chopping babes of grace ?  
 Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curse ;  
 They were so like you that you far'd the worse ;  
 For this to-night we are not much in pain ;  
 Look on it, and if you like it entertain :  
 If all the midwife says of it be true,  
 There are some features too like some of you :  
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,  
 We mean to run away, and let the parish take it :

H



# EPILOGUES.

## EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT,

OR,  
THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY BY MR. FARQUHAR.

*As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original\* to-day  
We took the hint of this our modern play :  
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint  
A witty, wild, inconstant, free, gallant,  
With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove, 5  
With language and with softness fram'd to move,  
With little truth, but with a world of love.  
Such forms on maids in morning-slumbers wait,  
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat, [yet.  
When first they wish and sigh for what they know not  
Frown not, ye Fair ! to think your lovers may 10  
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way ;  
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise ;  
There's danger still in darkness and surprise :  
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe, 15  
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.  
With easy freedom, and a gay address,  
A pleasing lover seldom wants success :  
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down  
And wastes a ten years siege before one town. 20  
For her own sake let no forsaken maid  
Our wanderer for want of love upbraid,  
Since 'tis a secret none should e'er confess  
That they have lost the happy pow'r to please.  
If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break, 25  
Break first, and swear you've turned him off a week ;  
As princes, when they resty statesmen doubt,  
Before they can surrender, turn them out,  
Whate'er you think, grave uses may be made,  
As much ev'n for inconstancy be said. 30

\* See the Wild-geese Chase.

Let the good man for marriage rites design'd,  
With studious care and diligence of mind,  
Turn over ev'ry page of womankind ;  
Mark ev'ry sense, and how the readings vary,  
And when he knows the worst on't--let him marry. 35



## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

*At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, 7th April 1709, at her playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

A Some brave knight, who once with spear and shield  
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field,  
But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd,  
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd :  
There if by chance disastrous tales he hears      5  
Of matron's wrongs, and captive virgin's tears,  
He feels soft pity urge his gen'rous breast,  
And vows once more to succour the distress'd :  
Buckled in mail he sallies on the plain,  
And turns him to the feats of arms again:      10

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,  
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,  
To aid old Thomas, and to pleasure you :  
Like errant damsels boldly we engage,  
Arm'd as you see for the defenceless stage.      15  
Time was when this good man no help did lack,  
And scorn'd that any should hold his back ;  
But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,  
By two\* at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd.  
You see what failing Nature brings man to,      20  
And yet let none insult : for ought we know,  
She may not wear so well with some of you.  
Tho' old, you find his strength is not clean past,  
But, true as steel, he's metal to the last.  
If better he perform'd in days of yore,      25  
Yet now he gives you all that's in his pow'r ;  
What can the youngest of you all do more ?

What has been done, tho' present praise be dumb,  
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,  
As now we talk of Roscius and of Rome.      30  
Had you withheld your favours on this night,  
Old Shakespeare's ghost had risen to do him right ;

\* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the waist.

EPILOGUES.

39

With indignation had you seen him frown  
Upon a worthless, witleſs, taſteleſs town ;  
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay 35  
Why are the Muſe's labours caſt away ?  
Why did I write what only he could play ?  
But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,  
Go on and make the gen'rous work complete :  
Be true to merit, and ſtill own his cauſe, 40  
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe.  
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſures paſt,  
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt ;  
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,  
And hang his conſecrated buſkin\* there. 45

† Pointing to the top of the ſtage.



H 3

## EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT,

A TRAGEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

*As it was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 1717.*

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

**W**ELL---'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made;  
 That cup and message---I was sore afraid---  
 Was that a present for a new-made widow,  
 All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?  
 When one prap'd in---and hop'd for something good,  
 There was-- oh Gad; a nasty heart and blood\*. 6  
 If the old man had shewn himself a father,  
 His bowl should have enclos'd a cordial rather,  
 Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,  
*L'Eau de Bardè*---or comfortable Nantz!† 10  
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,  
 And, to be witty, cry'd he'd send the heart.  
 I could have told his gravity moreover,  
 Were I our sex's secrets to discover,  
 'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover. 15  
 Let but the bridegroom prudently provide  
 All other matters fitting for a bride;  
 So he make good the jewels and the jointure,  
 To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.  
 Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in, 20  
 They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.  
 Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,  
 With-hearts of oak so much of old renown'd?  
 How many worthy gentlemen of late  
 Swore to be true to mother church and state; 25  
 When their false hearts were secretly maintaining  
 Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?  
 Shame on the canting crew of foul insurers,  
 The Tyburn tribe of speech-making Nonjurors,  
 Who in new fangled terms old truths explaining, 30  
 Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning!

\* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismonda and Gonscaro, one of Boccace's novels, wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter as a present.

† Citron-water and good brandy.

Oh ! would you lost integrity restore,  
 And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore,  
 What surer pattern can you hope to find  
 Than that dear pledge<sup>d</sup> your monarch left behind ? 35  
 See how he looks his honest heart explain,  
 And speak the blessings of his future reign !  
 In his each feature truth and candour trace,  
 And read plain dealing written in his face. 39

\* The Prince of Wales then present.



# IMITATIONS, &c.

## HOR. LIB. II. ODE IV.

### AD XANTHIAM.

#### I.

**N**E fit ancille tibi amor pudori,  
Xanthia Phoeu : prius insolentem  
Serva Bruteis niveo colore  
Movit Achillem.

4

#### II.

Movit Ajacem, Telamono natum,  
Forma captivæ dominum Tlemessæ :  
Arfit Atrides medio in triumpho  
Virgine raptâ.

8

#### III.

Baharæ postquam cecidere tumæ  
Theffalo victore, et ademptus Hector  
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli  
Peigamæ Graiis.

12

#### IV.

Nescias, en te generum beati  
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes :  
Regium centè genus, et Penates  
Mœret iniquos.

16

#### V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ  
Plebe delectam : neque sic fidem,  
Sic lucio averfam potuisse nasci  
Matre pudendâ.

20

#### VI.

Brachia et vultum, teretesque furas  
Integer laudo fuge suspicari,  
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
Claudere lustrum.

24

## HOR. B. II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

## I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl ! disclaim  
 Thy bright, thy reputable flame,  
 To Bracegirdle the brown,  
 But publicly espouse the dame,  
 And say, G—— d—— the town.

5

## II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,  
 With diabs have deeply smitten been,  
 Altho' right good commanders ;  
 Some who with you have Hounslow seen,  
 And some who've been in Flanders.

10

## III.

Did not base Greber's Pegg \* inflame  
 The sober Earl of Nottingham,  
 Of sober fire descended  
 That, careless of his soul and fame,  
 To playhouses he nightly came,  
 And left church undefended.

16

## IV.

The monarch who of France is height,  
 Who rules the roast with matchless might,  
 Since William went to heav'n,  
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,  
 Who was but Scarron's leaving.

21

## V.

Tho' thy dear's father kept an inn,  
 At gilly Head of Saracen,  
 For carriers at Northampton ;  
 Yet she might come of gentler kin,  
 Than e'er that father dreamt on.

26

## VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,  
 Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,

\* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian songstress.



Which she with scorn rejected,  
And can a nymph so virtuous be  
Of base-born blood suspected?

31

## VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,  
Her slender waist, and taper thigh,  
I always thought provoking;  
But faith tho' I talk waggishly,  
I mean no more than joking.

36

## VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend! for why?  
My lady Marchioness is nigh,  
To see I ne'er should hunt ye;  
Besides, you know full well that I  
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

41



## HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

AD LYDIAM.

HOR.

**D**ONEC gratus eram tibi,  
Nec quisquam, potior brachia candidæ  
Cervici juvenis dabat,

• Perlarum vigui Rege beator.

4

LYD. Donec non alia magis  
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,  
Multi Lydia nominis  
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

8

HOR. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,  
Dulces docta modos, et Citharæ sciens :  
Pro qua non metuum mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

12

LYD. Me torret face mutua  
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi :  
Pro quo bis partiar mori  
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

16

HOR. Quid, si prisca redit Venus ?  
Diductosque jugo cogit ahenco ?  
Si flava excutitur Chloë,  
Rejctæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

20

LYD. Quinquam fidere pulchrior  
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo  
Itacundior Adriâ,  
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

24



THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN  
JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HOR. BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house, in Fleet-street, once you lay  
How merrily, dear Sir! time pass'd away?  
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,"  
"I was the happiest creature on God's yearth \*."

CON. While in your early days of reputation, 5  
You for blue garters had not such a passion,  
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)  
To drink with noble lords and toast their ladies,  
Thou, Jacob Tonson! wert, to my conceiving,  
The cheerfull'est, best, honestest, fellow living. 10

ION. I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the present,  
A most sweet-natur'd gentleman and pleasant!  
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,  
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills,  
For him, so much I dote on him, that I, 15  
If I was sure to go to heav'n, would die.

CON. Temple † and Delaval are now my party,  
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;  
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to heaven,  
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven. 20

TON. What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,  
And once more warm my bunnians ‡ at your fire?  
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,  
And set a bed up in my dining-room,  
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve! would you come? 25

CON. Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight,  
Whom ten times more my joy and heart's delight,  
Than civil persons they, you ruder were,  
And had more humours than a dancing bear;  
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,  
And live and die, dear Bob! with only you. 31

\* Tonson (sen.) his dialect.

† Mr Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham

‡ Jacob's term for his comys.

## HOR. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

## AD AMPHORAM.

## I.

**O**NATA mecum Confule Manlio,  
 Seu tu querelas, five geris jocos,  
 Seu rivam, et infinos amores,  
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum :

4

## II.

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum  
 Servas, moveri digna bono die :  
 Descende, Coirvino jubente,  
 Provincie languidiora vina.

8

## III.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet  
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus :  
 Nariatus et pueri Catonis  
 Sæpè mero caluisti virtus.

12

## IV.

Tulene tormentum ingenio admoves  
 Plerumque diuo : tu sapientium  
 Curas, et arcanum jocolo  
 Consilium retegis Lyæo.

16

## V.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,  
 Viresque, et addis cornua pauperi,  
 Post te neque iratos trementi  
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.

20

## VI.

Te liber, et, si læta aderit Venus,  
 Segne/que nodum solvere Gratix,  
 Vivæque producent lucernæ,  
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

24

## I

## HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

## I.

**H**AIL, gentle Cask! whose venerable head,  
 With hoary down and ancient dust o'erispicad,  
 Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee forth  
 Old age has added to thy worth,  
 Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain 5  
 Thy votaries will to wit and love  
 Or senseless noise and lewdness move,  
 O! sleep, the cure of these and ev'ry other pain.

## II.

Since to some day propitious and great  
 Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate, 10  
 This day, the happiest of thy many years,  
 With thee I will forget my cares:  
 To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,  
 (Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,  
 And longer age would bring decay) 15  
 Till ev'ry anxious thought in the rich stream be drown'd.

## III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,  
 And Socrates himself a while forget.  
 Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend  
 The rugged stiffness of his mind, 20  
 Stern and severe; the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,  
 His frozen virtue felt the charm,  
 And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm, [soul.  
 And bless'd the sprightly pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy

## IV.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend, 25  
 And mould the snarling Cynic to a friend.  
 The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,  
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,  
 And by thy pow'r unlock'd grows easy, gay, and free.  
 The swain, who did some cred'lous nymph persuade  
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee, 30  
 Devotes her to his vanity,  
 And to his fellow fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

## V.

The wretch who press'd beneath a load of cares,  
 And lab'ring with continual woes despairs, 5  
 If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,  
 From earth he rears his drooping head;  
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;  
 His flying cares give way to haste,  
 And to the god resign his breast, 40  
 Where hopes of better days and better things return.

## VI.

The lab'ring hind, who with hard toil and pains,  
 Amidst his wants a wretched life maintains,  
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,  
 Not with thy fires, and bolder grown, 45  
 Of kings and of their arbitrary pow'r,  
 And how by impious arms they reign,  
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,  
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch no more.

## VII.

Fair queen of Love, and thou great god of Wine! 50  
 Hear every grace, and all ye pow'rs divine,  
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline!  
 Crown this auspicious cask and happy night  
 With all things that can give delight;  
 Be every care and anxious thought away! 55  
 Ye tapers still be bright and clear,  
 Rival the moon and each pale star; [day.  
 Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings the



## HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

## AD VENEREM.

**I**NTERMISSA Venus diu,  
 Reris bella moves: Parce, precor, precor  
 Non sum qualis eram bonæ  
 Sub regno Cynaræ: desine dulcium  
 Mater sæva Cupidinum, 5  
 Cui ca lustra decem flectere mollibus  
 Jam duram imperiis: abi  
 Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.  
 Tempestivius in domo  
 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus, 10  
 Commensabere Maximi,  
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum,  
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,  
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,  
 Et centum puer artium 15  
 Late signa feret militæ tuæ.  
 Et, quandoque potentior  
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,  
 Albanos piope, te, lacus  
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citieâ, 20  
 Illic plurima naribus  
 Duces thura, lyræque, et Berecynthiæ  
 Delectabere tibiæ  
 Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.  
 Illic bis pueri die 25  
 Numen cum leneris virginibus tuum  
 Laudantes, pede candido  
 In morem Salium ter quatiunt humum.  
 Me nec sæmina, nec puer  
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui, 30  
 Nec certare juvat mero,  
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.  
 Sed cui heu, Ligurine, cur  
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas? }  
 Cur facunda parùm decoro 35  
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis te ego somniis  
 Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor  
 Te per gramina Martii  
 Campi, te per aques, dure, volubiles.

40





## HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

**O**NCE more the queen of Love invades my breast,  
 Late with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest,  
 Spare, spare the wretch that still has been thy slave,  
 And let my former service have  
 The merit to protect me to the grave. 5  
 Much have I chang'd from what I once have been,  
 When under Cyneira, the good and fair,  
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,  
 Blest'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.  
 Stiff, and unequal to the labour, now, 10  
 With pain, my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.  
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why  
 Dost thou not much rather fly  
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?  
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand, 15  
 And swiftly thro' the yielding air  
 To Damon thee their goddess bear,  
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.  
 Noble and graceful, witty, gay and young,  
 Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue, 20  
 Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,  
 With wondrous force the youth imparts  
 Thy pow'r to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts.  
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;  
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless 25  
 Beyond his rivals with success,  
 In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.  
 Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,  
 Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,  
 With od'rous beams a temple he shall raise, 30  
 For ever sacred to thy praise;  
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself, decays.  
 There, while rich incense on thy altar burns,  
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,  
 In melting soft harmonious strains, 35

Mix'd with the softer flutes, shall tell their flanes by  
 As Love and Beauty with the light are born, turns.  
 So with the day thy honours shall return.

• Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,  
 A troop of either sex shall lead, 40  
 And twice the Salian measures round thy altar tread.

Thus, with an equal empire o'er the light,  
 The queen of love and god of wit

• Together rise, together sit:  
 But, goddess! do thou stay and bless alone the night:  
 'There mayst thou reign, while I forget to love; 46

No more false beauty shall my passion move,  
 Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,  
 By mutual vows, and oaths betray'd,  
 To hope for truth from the protesting maid. 50

With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;  
 'The roses too shall wither now

That us'd to shade and crown my brow,  
 And round my cheerful temple, fragrant odours shed.  
 But tell me, Cynthia! say, bewitching fair, 55

What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?

And when my struggling thoughts for passage strive,

Why did my tongue refuse to move;

Tell me, can this be any thing but love?

Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew, 60

Still she is present to my eyes,

And still in vain I, as she flies,

O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid  
 pursue.



## HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

**A** LBI, nostrorum sermonum canide iudex,  
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ  
 Scribere quod Cossî Parmensis opuscula vincat?  
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres.  
 Cuiantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est? 5  
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,  
 Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.  
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,  
 Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ sentiat, et utque  
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè. 10  
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?  
 Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras,  
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.  
 Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.  
 Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute vises,  
 Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum. 16



## HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV.

IMITATED.

*To Rutherford and Esq.*

**T**HORNHILL ' whom doubly to my heart com-  
 The critic's art and candour of a friend, [mend  
 Say what thou dost in thy retirement find  
 Worthy the labours of thy active mind?  
 Whether the Tragic Mule inspires thy thought, 5  
 To emulate what moving Otway wrote,  
 Or whether to the covert of some grove  
 Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove;  
 Where to thyself thou all thine rules dost show  
 That good men ought to practise, or wise know? 10  
 For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,  
 But well inform'd with the celestial ray.  
 The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,  
 In a fair frame enclos'd thy fairer mind,  
 And though they had profusely wealth bestow, 15  
 They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.  
 Could ev'n the nurie wish for her darling boy  
 A happiness which thou dost not enjoy?  
 What can her fond ambition ask beyond  
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd, 20  
 To this fair speech and happy utterance join'd,  
 T'unlock the secret treasures of the mind,  
 And make the blessing common to mankind?  
 On these let health and reputation wait,  
 The favour of the virtuous and the great; 25  
 A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,  
 Stranger alike to riot and to need;  
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,  
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.  
 Amidst uncertain hopes and anxious cares, 30  
 Tumultuous strife, and miserable tears,  
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,  
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.

That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,  
Whose light shall unexpected bleis thy eyes. 35  
Me, when to town in winter you repair,  
Batt'ning in eate you'll find sleek, flesh, and fair;  
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,  
To snatch the blessing of the flying hour,  
Whom ev'ry Friday at the Vine \* you'll find,  
His true disciple, and your faithful friend. 41

\* A Tavern in Long-Acre.





COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH POETS



THE STORY OF  
GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA,

*From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book XIII.*

**H**ERE ceas'd the nymph, the fair assembly broke,  
 The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook :  
 While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,  
 Swift to the safer shore returns again ;  
 There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd, 5  
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid ;  
 Or, in some winding creek's secure retreat, [beat.  
 She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-day's  
 Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,  
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god : 10  
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love ;  
 With many an artful blandishment he strove  
 Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.  
 The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,  
 And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height.  
 Steep shelving to the margin of the flood, 16  
 A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood :  
 Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,  
 And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.  
 His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal, 20  
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall :  
 She sees his face divine, and manly brow,  
 End in a fish's wreathy tail below :  
 She sees, and doubts, within her anxious mind,  
 Whether he comes of god or monster kind. 25  
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd ; and " Oh ! forbear,  
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near)  
 " Forbear," he cry'd, " fond Maid ! this needless fear ;  
 " Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,  
 " But equal with the wat'ry gods, I reign ; 30  
 " Nor Proteus nor Palemon me excel,  
 " Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.  
 " My birth 'tis true I owe to mortal race,  
 " And I myself but late a mortal was ;



- " Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd ; 35  
 " The seas my hours, and all my cares employ'd.  
 " In meshes now the twinkling prey I diew,  
 " Now skilfully the slender line I throw,  
 " And silent sat the moving float to view.  
 " Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead, 40  
 " With herbage half, and half with water spread ;  
 " There nor the horned heifers browsing stray,  
 " Nor straggling kids, nor wanton lambkins play ;  
 " There not the bounding bees their nectar cull,  
 " Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull, 45  
 " Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,  
 " To crop the flow'rs, or cut the bushy grass :  
 " Thith' a sure first of living race came I,  
 " And at by chance my dropping nets to dry :  
 " My scaly prize in order all display'd, 50  
 " By number on the greenward there I laid,  
 " My captives, whom or in my nets I took,  
 " Or hung unwary on my wily hook.  
 " Strange to behold ! yet what avails a lie ?  
 " I saw them bite the grass, as I sat by ; 55  
 " Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,  
 " They spread their fins as in their native main.  
 " I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey  
 " Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.  
 " Amaz'd, within my secret self I sought 60  
 " What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :  
 " But sure no herbs have pow'r like this, I cry'd,  
 " And straight I pluck'd some neighb'ring herbs and  
 try'd.  
 " Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,  
 " When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast ;  
 " I felt my heart grow fond of something strange, 66  
 " And my whole nature lab'ring with a change ;  
 " Restless I grew, and ev'ry place forsook,  
 " And still upon the seas I bent my look.  
 " Farewel for ever, farewel land ! I said, 70  
 " And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.  
 " The gentle pow'rs, who that low empire keep,  
 " Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep ;

" To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray,  
 " To purge my mortal earthy parts away : 75  
 " The wat'ry parents to their suit agreed,  
 \* And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,  
 " Then with lustrations purify my limbs,  
 " And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams ;  
 " A hundred streams from various fountains run, 80  
 " And on my head at once come rushing down.  
 " Thus far each passage I remember well,  
 " And faithfully thus far the tale I tell,  
 " But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.  
 " Again at length my thought reviving came, 85  
 " When I no longer found myself the same ;  
 " Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,  
 " And these large honours on my spreading brow ;  
 " My long descending locks the billows sweep, 89  
 " And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep ;  
 " My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,  
 " And ev'ry part divinely chang'd I view.  
 " But what avail these useless honours now ?  
 " What joys can immortality bestow ?  
 " What tho' our Nereids all my form approve ? 95  
 " What boots it while fair Scylla scorns my love ?"  
 Thus far the god, and more he would have said,  
 When from his presence flew the ruffled maid.  
 Stung with repulse in such disdainful sort  
 He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court. 100



## ON CONTENTMENT.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD \*.

MANY, that once by Fortune's bounty rear'd,  
Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd,  
Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,  
Have sunk to that just level of mankind  
Where nor too little nor too much gives the true peacy  
of mind.

\* In his *Meditationes Sacre*.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,  
AND THE  
HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bless'd day from ev'ry part the just,  
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mould'ring dust,  
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,  
All of past ages, present, and to come,  
In full assembly shall at once resort, 5  
And meet within high Heaven's capacious court.  
There famous names rever'd in days of old,  
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,  
From whom old stocks and ancestry began,  
And worthily in long succession ran; 10  
The rev'rend sires with pleasure shall we greet,  
Attentive hear while faithful they repeat  
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.  
There all those tender ties which here below  
Or kindred or more sacred friendship know 15  
Firm, constant, and unchangeable, shall grow,  
Resin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,  
A better, truer, dearer, love from thence  
Its everlasting being shall commence. 19  
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be done,  
No night shall rise to shade Heaven's glorious sun,  
But one eternal holiday go on. 22



# TRANSLATIONS.

## THE GOLDEN VERSES

### OF PYTHAGORAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

#### To the Reader.

I hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a Subject. The sense of the author is, I hope no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find, how far I am in the right as left to the reader to determine.

**F**IRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;  
The greatest this and first of laws obey:  
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,  
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.  
The heroes next demand thy just regard, 5  
Renown'd on earth and to the stars prefer'd,  
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.  
Due rites perform'd and honours to the dead,  
To ev'ry wise to ev'ry pious shade,  
With lowly duty to thy parents bow, 10  
And grace and favour to thy kindred show.  
For what concerns the rest of human-kind  
Chuse out the man to virtue best inclin'd,  
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.  
Possess'd of such a friend, preserve him still, 15  
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;  
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,  
And yield to all his offices of love:  
Him from thy heart so true, so justly dear,  
Let no rash word, nor light offences tear; 20  
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,  
And to the utmost still and still forgive;  
For strong necessity alone explores  
The secret vigour of our latent pow'rs,

Rouses and urges on the lazy heart,  
 Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.  
 By use thy stronger appetites assuage,  
 Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage.  
 From each dishonest act of shame forbear;  
 Of others and thyself alike beware : 30  
 Let rev'rence of thyself thy thoughts control,  
 And guard the sacred temple of thy soul;  
 Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,  
 And reason e'en thy meanest actions guide;  
 For know that death is man's appointed doom, 35  
 Know that the day of great account will come,  
 When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd  
 Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,  
 And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.  
 For wealth, the perishing uncertain good, 40  
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,  
 That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding place,  
 But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass,  
 Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,  
 And think if it be worth thy while to gain. 45  
 Of all those sorrows that attend mankind  
 With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;  
 Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,  
 For know what man calls Fortune is from God.  
 In what thou mayst from Wisdom seek relief, 50  
 And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;  
 Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,  
 What cause soever multiplies thy pains,  
 Let not those pains as ills be understood,  
 For God delights not to afflict the good. 55  
 The reasoning art to various ends apply'd  
 Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide;  
 Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,  
 Nor lightly from thy resolution serve.  
 The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive, 60  
 And sweet persuasion with the easy to believe.

When fools and liars labour to persuade,  
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept, chiefly learn,  
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern; 65  
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,  
Prevail upon thee with a Siren's song,  
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.  
Of good and ill by words or deeds express  
Chuse for thyself, and always chuse the best. 70

Let wary thought each enterprise fore-run,  
And ponder on thy task before begun,  
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,  
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.  
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste, 75  
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste:  
But thou in all thou dost with early cares  
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs,  
That sorrow on the end may never wait,  
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late. 80

Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try  
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie,  
But seek to know and bend thy serious thought  
To search the profitable knowledge out;  
So joys on joys for ever shall increase, 85  
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless  
Thy life with pleasure and thy end with peace.

Nor let the body want its part, but share  
A just proportion of thy tender care:  
For health and welfare prudently provide, 90  
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd;  
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare  
Decaying nature's wasted force repair,  
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.  
In all things still which to this care belong 95  
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.  
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,  
Manly, and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly  
The glancing curse of her malicious eye. 100

Seek not in needless luxury to waste  
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste:  
Yet flying there, be watchful lest thy mind,  
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,  
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd. 105  
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,  
But ever keep the happy golden mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,  
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing god of Sleep surprise, 110  
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,  
Ere ev'ning of the former day  
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.  
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,  
And answer justly to thy own demand, 115  
Where have I been? in what have I transgress'd?  
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?  
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?  
In what to God, to man, or to myself, I owe?  
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last 120  
From morning's dawn till ev'ning's gloom has past.  
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,  
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn:  
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,  
And to thy secret self with pleasure say, 125  
"Rejoice, my Heart! for all went well to-day."

These thoughts, and chiefly these, thy mind should  
Employ thy study, and engage thy love. {move,

These are the rules which will to Virtue lead,  
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread; 130  
This by his name I swear whose sacred lore  
First to mankind explain'd the mystic Four,  
Source of eternal nature and almighty pow'r.

In all thou dost first let thy pray'rs ascend,  
And to the gods thy labours first commend; 135  
From them implore success, and hope a prosp'rous end.



So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,  
 And Wisdom in her secret ways explore ;  
 'To range thro' heav'n above and earth below,  
 Immortal gods and mortal men to know. 140  
 So shalt thou learn what pow'r does all controul,  
 What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole,  
 And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame  
 How universal Nature is the same :  
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place 145  
 On hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man ! thou shalt be taught to know,  
 Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.  
 Unhappy race ! that never yet could tell  
 How near their good and happiness they dwell. 150  
 Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see,  
 Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,  
 But stupid to their own sad fate agree ;  
 Like pond'rous rolling stones, oppress'd with ill,  
 The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,  
 Bereft of choice and freedom of the will ; 156  
 For native strife in ev'ry bosom reigns,  
 And secretly an impious war maintains :  
 Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,  
 And ev'ry yielding passion sue for peace. 160

Wouldst thou, great Jove ! thou father of mankind,  
 Reveal the demon for that task assign'd,  
 The wretched race an end of woes would find.  
 And yet be bold, O Man ! divine thou art,  
 And of the gods' celestial essence part ; 165  
 Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,  
 But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd :  
 These if to know thou happily attain,  
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain,  
 Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore, 170  
 And free from ev'ry pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,  
 So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul,  
 So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain,  
 Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain ; 175  
 Let that best reason ever hold the rein.

'Then if this mortal body thou forsake,  
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,  
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,  
Immortal, incorruptible, divine ;  
'The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,  
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.



THE FIRST BOOK OF  
 QUILLET'S CALLIPÆDIA,  
 TRANSLATED.

The Argument.

The Proposition. An Invocation of the most beautiful Vertues. The Poet de-  
 duces the cause of beauty, according as it is esteemed in different coun-  
 tries, by applying the story of Pandora to his purpose. He sets down the  
 conditions of choosing a fit pair to procreate a handsome off-spring, and  
 ends with the approaching nuptials. He likewise, by way of exhortation,  
 inveighs against the covetousness of the age, which blindly seeks after a  
 huge portion rather than an agreeable temper and constitution. An Apo-  
 trophe to the pious King of France, wherein he proposes what kind of  
 lady he would wish him to choose for his royal consort, who might bring  
 him a beautiful race of children.

WHAT crowns the fruitful marriage bed with  
 joy,  
 What forms the lovely girl and manly boy,  
 What kindly stars the juster features trace,  
 What happy influence bestows the grace,  
 And breathes the bloom divine upon the beauteous face;  
 What secret springs the forming fancy move, 6  
 What force the mind exerts in genial love,  
 How the fair soul is in the body seen,  
 And outward beauty speaks the worth within,  
 In flowing verse attempts the willing muse, 10  
 And tunelessly the pleasing theme pursues.  
 Hear, Oh! ye fairest of the nymphs divine,  
 Ye graces hear, and to the task incline:  
 And thou great mother of almighty love,  
 If once in Phrygian Ida's sacred grove 15  
 Thy form victorious did the prize obtain,  
 By the just judgment of the righteous swain,  
 Hear and inspire thy soft Idalian strain.  
 So shall delight my happy labours bless,  
 And pleasing thoughts in pleasing numbers dress; 20  
 So shall my grateful verse thy laws impart,  
 And teach mankind with joy the genial art.  
 Whene'er in times to come it shall betide,  
 That the kind bridegroom would instruct his bride,  
 My verse shall by the skilful youth be read 25  
 To the dear partner of his nuptial bed;

The muse instructive shall their offspring grace,  
 And form the future honours of their race;  
 Beauty the long successive line shall crown,  
 And no deform'd unsightly birth be known ; 30  
 In ev'ry face the Cyprian queen shall reign,  
 And mutually adorn the nymph and swain.  
 You who a parent's pleasing hopes conceive,  
 Who lovely patterns of yourselves would leave ;  
 You to whose care the rites of love belong, 35  
 Attend, and listen to my useful song.  
 If soft the verse, if sweet the numbers flow,  
 A Myrtle wreath my just reward bestow,  
 And bind, with grateful hands, your poet's learned  
 brow.

But first, my muse, describe the doubtful fair, 40  
 Beauty's celestial essence first declare,  
 The sacred substance of the goddess tell,  
 And in what forms she most delights to dwell ;  
 What honours on the noblest front are spread,  
 What roses paint the cheeks with brightest red ; 45  
 What colours best become the flowing hair,  
 What locks most graceful wanton in the air ;  
 What lips the sweetest breathe the fragrant bliss,  
 And swell the softest to the melting kiss ;  
 What hands are fashion'd in the finest mould, 50  
 What circling arms do best the lover hold,  
 And press him with the closest, kindest fold.

But, Oh ! confus'd and dark the question lies,  
 Perplex'd the cause, and doubts on doubts arise.  
 Each as he loves, his differing praise bestows, 55  
 This youth to snowy Amaryllis bows,  
 While that to brown Lycoris pays his vows :  
 Daphnis in Flavia's yellow ringlets bound,  
 Admires the nymphs with golden tresses crown'd ;  
 While Thylis doating on the jetty black, 60  
 Starts at the burning gold, and flies with horror back.  
 Some eyes all hearts with lively grey subdue,  
 Some with the languish of the lovely blue ;

Some the fond rage with sparkling black inspire,  
 Quick shoot the flames, and kindle up the fire. 65  
 Some swains the slender waisted virgin prize,  
 And loathe the bulky fat's unwieldy size :  
 While some the thin, the shadowy form detest,  
 And choole to press the plump luxuriant breast ;  
 On full delights their wishes to employ, 70  
 Grasp the substantial fair, and taste themselves with joy.  
 Such are the various springs our passions move,  
 And such the many heresies of Love :  
 Thus is the mind by blind desire betray'd,  
 Thus by fantastick fancy are we sway'd, 75  
 We like, we love, then deify the maid.

Nor only man to various thoughts inclin'd,  
 Finds differing beauties in the softer kind,  
 But e'en his own majestic form surveys,  
 As partial nations differ in their praise. 80  
 Mark how the swarthy Ethiop, fond of night,  
 Disdains the cheeks with blended roses bright,  
 And paints the fiends and Stygian furies white.  
 How did the servile flattering east commend  
 The nose high rising with an arch'd bend ; 85  
 When first that semblant form was fam'd to grace  
 The mighty Median monarch's warlike face,  
 Cyrus, whose hand did Asia's sceptic sway,  
 And taught the wealthy Cræsus to obey ;  
 Wide o'er the Lydian realm he stretch'd his reign, 90  
 And bound the royal miser in his chain.  
 Here might my verse the fairest Gaul recount,  
 Here paint his flowing curls and spacious front.  
 Or here the tawny Spaniard might I trace,  
 His looks obscure describe, his gloomy grace, 95  
 And rusty blood diffus'd upon his dusky face.  
 Full of himself the pigmy form appears,  
 Swells to the clouds, and menaces the stars ;  
 Ee'n he, though by unhappy lot he lies  
 Beneath unkindly suns, and western skies, 100  
 Disdains the German, manly made and strong,  
 And calls the fashion of his arms too long ;

Prunes his hard visage up, and with a smile  
Scorns the soft bloom of Britain's happy isle.

But say, my muse, whence things that seem so clear,  
So doubtful to discording man appear ; 106  
From happier times of old deduce thy verse,  
And how it first befel, in order just rehearse.

When first this infant world its form put on,  
When time and beauteous order first begun, 110  
And rich with native grace the new creation shone ;  
No wicked non age as yet controll'd

The lustre of the pure primeval gold,  
Around heaven's azure arch, serenely bright,  
Unfaded shone the sparkling gems of light ; 115  
No fogs did then, no lazy vapours rise,  
Nor with their dull pollution stain the skies ;  
Through heaven's wide plains the glorious God of day,  
Prince of the stars, unclouded held his way ;  
While in her turn the silver Queen of night, 120  
Successive roll'd her limpid orb of light.

The mother earth, adorn'd by what she bred,  
With rocks, hills, trees, with fruits and flowers was  
spread,

And every living thing on her green bosom fed.  
The well digested mals, untainted yet, 125  
Did no rank streams nor pois'nous damps emit ;  
But healthy spirits breathing from the ground,  
Diffus'd their wholesome fragrances around.

'Twas then, in those good times for ever blest,  
That happy man his innocence possess'd ; 130  
When yet he had not learn'd in reason's spight,  
Perverse to turn, and wander from the right,  
To slaking heaven's reveal'd, and nature's inborne light.  
Then holy arts and priestcraft were unknown,  
Religion then was simple, plain, and one ; 135  
Aust had not kindled then her guilty flame ;  
Ambition had not cheated fools with fame,  
Nor vex'd the world with honour's angry name.  
Nor was the form of man beneath his soul,  
But equal, proper beauties grac'd the whole. 140

Then temperance, just goddess, did prevail,  
 And rightly held creating nature's scale,  
 Dispos'd the several parts with prudent care,  
 And form'd with nicest symmetry the fair.  
 Then was the reign of beauty in mankind, 145  
 Then universal empress, well she join'd  
 The faultless body and the blameless mind.

Soon as great Jove, from high Olympus' brow,  
 Beheld the sacred harmony below,  
 Add we one master-piece of art, he said, 150  
 Earth, heaven, and all ye gods afford your aid,  
 Your each perfection join, and form one lovely maid.  
 He spake, and strait obedient to his word,  
 Each willing species to the work concurr'd ;  
 The crystal orbs of æther first prepare 155  
 The limbs and substance for the future fair,  
 While the sun curl'd his beams and hung them for her  
 hair.

Her front, like marble smooth, like lilies white,  
 Faw Cynthia luster'd o'er with silver light ;  
 Upon her cheeks Aurora roses spread, 160  
 And dy'd them in the morning's brightest red ;  
 Venus the sweetly charming smile impress'd,  
 And her soft lips with balmy pleasures blest'd :  
 While Love, the god himself, o'er all the mass,  
 Dancing delightful, shew'd his heavenly face, 165  
 Led on the laughing Joys, and every sister Grace.  
 Thus form'd, thus finish'd out the beauteous whole,  
 Creating Jove infus'd the living soul ;  
 And since from every god the graces came,  
 He bade Pandora be the fair one's name. 170  
 Then bending kindly down his gracious look,  
 Thus to the new-made nymph the Almighty Father  
 spake.

Daughter of gods descend, thou work divine,  
 Vouchsafe on earth, celestial fair, to shine,  
 Diffuse the blessings of thy radiant face, 175  
 And cheer the labours of the mortal race :

For thus the gods, thus Jove's high will ordains,  
 While man his native innocence retains,  
 Be thou his bliss, his great reward be thou,  
 Thy full perfection, heaven's fair pattern show, 183  
 And teach him by thyself thy native skies to know.  
 But oh! if pity touch thy tender breast,  
 If for mankind thy care would be express'd,  
 • Keep close this fatal casket I bestow,  
 Nor seek the secrets lodg'd within to know. 185  
 If thy frail hand, too curious, should incline  
 To pry, and disobey the will divine,  
 Strait forth ten thousand winged plagues shall fly,  
 And scatter swift contagion through the sky.  
 Thee too, thou fairest, shall the ruin seize, 190  
 Pain shalt thou feel, and languish with disease;  
 Deformity thy lovely looks shall blast,  
 And foul pollution lay thy beauties waste.

He said: and downward swift she bent her flight,  
 To spread around on earth the beams of beauty's light.  
 Nor did she there with Epimetheus dwell, 196  
 Shut up and cloister'd in a lonely cell,  
 As old Greek tales of dreaming Hesiod tell.  
 But bounteous of delight and unconfin'd,  
 She made the blessing common to mankind, 200  
 Design'd a public good still passing on,  
 On undistinguish'd crowds alike she shone.  
 The stupid herd with pleasing dread amaz'd,  
 Dumb with attention, stood, and glad some gaz'd;  
 Some ravish'd with her mien so graceful were, 205  
 Some with the ringlets of her amber hair,  
 Some with her iv'ry front, and face so heavenly fair.  
 From her each put ambrosial odours flow'd,  
 • And breath'd a balmy blessing on the crowd:  
 While her bright eyes (which scarce the muse had told,  
 Unless by sacred inspiration bold) 211  
 With light effulgent, darted forth a ray,  
 That cheer'd mankind, and made the world look gay.  
 So when Aurora in the rosy east,  
 Lifts her fair head, with radiant honours dress'd, 215



O'er nature's face a various smile she spreads,  
 And plants a-new the fields and flow'ry meads,  
 Ten thousand colour'd eyes her beams unfold,  
 The liquid air in living waves is roll'd,  
 And all the green-wood shade is burnish'd o'er with  
 gold. 22.

Such beauty was in our first father's time,  
 While yet the youthful world was in its prime.  
 The mingling graces of the sexes met,  
 And full perfection made the form complete,  
 While man yet free from ev'ry vice or pride, 21  
 The ways of wickedness had never try'd,  
 Nor warping from the right, perversely turn'd aside.

But when pernicious change invading spread,  
 And error blind mistaken reason led,  
 The swift contagion reach'd the lovely maid. 23  
 Pandora tainted by an impious age,  
 Pursu'd each fond desire, and each fantastic rage:  
 Curious to know, the box disturb'd her rest,  
 Jove's hard commands sat heavy on her breast,  
 And woman, woman the frail nymph confess'd. 235  
 Resolv'd at length, whatever Jove forbid,  
 She eas'd her longing mind, and broke the lid:  
 When steaming, straight a deadly vapour rose,  
 Long trains of waiting plagues it did disclose,  
 Diseases, miseries, and mortal woes. 24

First the fell poison seiz'd the curious maid,  
 First on her youth, her blooming roses prey'd;  
 Her eyes no more than starry fires could boast,  
 But dim and dull in cloudy mists were lost;  
 No part was left untainted in the whole, 245  
 But all that once was fair, was loathsome now and foul.  
 Nor stopp'd the ruin with the wretched maid,  
 But growing still, around diffusive stray'd,  
 Error, disease, and death, like victors dead,  
 Wide-wasting o'er the world their legions spread, 25  
 And vanquish'd minds and bodies captive led.  
 Hid in deep shades benighted reason lay,  
 Shut from the beams of truth's ethereal day.

From that said æra ignorance begun,  
 Thence a dull train of doubting ages run, 255  
 And beauty's sacred form remains unknown.  
 Oh then, to guide the wand'ring muse aright,  
 To pierce the shades of this substantial night;  
 Phœbus be kind, to thee for aid we bow,  
 Thou joy of gods above and men below! 260  
 Patron of verse, and ruler of the day,  
 Do thou shoot swift before thy golden ray,  
 At once inspire her flight, and point her out the way.  
 Though all around the wide contagion spread,  
 Like locusts stretching from some fatal head; 265  
 Yet was it various in its hateful course,  
 And now renew'd, and now repress'd its force.  
 Where round the poles the frozen circles turn,  
 Or where near the glib'ring suns too fiercely burn,  
 There nature's shame, mishapen forms abound, 270  
 And monsters people the devoted ground.  
 Far in the north where winter's hoary bed  
 Is with eternal snows and ice dispread,  
 Or where the sam'd Magellan's southern tide  
 Does barbarous Patagonian shores divide; 275  
 Nations deform'd, fierce savage tribes are seen,  
 Of bulk unwieldy and gigantic mien;  
 Each a huge heavy lazy mass of might,  
 Unfit for use, and loathsome to the sight:  
 While in the regions of the burning zone, 280  
 No village but the sooty black is known;  
 Short woolly locks their horrid fronts embrace,  
 Thick lips grin fearful with a fiend-like grace,  
 And night, the beldam, broods on each barbarian face.  
 Nor here unfitly to my verse belong, 285  
 Arts which were once the princely Arab's song.  
 Long since the bard in native numbers taught,  
 How the mid globe, with temp'rate regions fraught,  
 Feels not the dire extremes of cold and hot;  
 Where in the midst the just equator lies, 290  
 Sweet is the air, and undisturb'd the skies,  
 There, heaven's bright scale well blended seasons weighs,

Nature the poles at equal distance lays,  
 And righteously divides the nights and days :  
 'There not the sun's bright flames malignant burn, 297  
 'Not chilly moons with nipping frosts return,  
 'Thence, with luxurious births each pregnant year,  
 'Twin seasons does, and double plenties bear :  
 'Thrice, yellow Ceres, crowns the summer fields,  
 And twice his rich incense ripe Autumn yields. 300  
 Twice gentle Winter comes with sober grace,  
 And twice the blooming Spring renews her bliss  
 ful face.

Here, if aught the poet's song divin'd,  
 The justest forms of beauty might we find  
 From constitutions rightly temper'd, here 301  
 Fair Harmony and Order should appear,  
 And all mankind be lovely like the year.  
 But the known clime must o'er the verse prevail,  
 And truth refute the false Arabian tale :  
 Since black Deformity usups alone 311  
 The sultry regions of the torrid zone,  
 The fiery god too near them runs his race,  
 And leaves his sooty marks on every hideous face.

'Then, Oh my muse, forsake the scorching line,  
 And to the cooler pole thy flight incline ; 315  
 Seek in the midway space some balmy air,  
 A land delightful, and a people fair ;  
 Where beauty long her residence has plac'd,  
 And reign'd in lov'reign state for ages past.  
 Nor cease thy curious search, nor yet remain 320  
 Fix'd in warm Italy, or swarthy Spain •  
 Still spread thy wing, and reach that happy coast,  
 Where Europe does her fav'rite country boast,  
 Where sweetest airs, and kindest heavens she yields  
 Where Gallia spreads her fair Elysian fields. 325  
 But thee, Temonia, chief I would select,  
 'Thy pleasing soil with various prospect deck'd,  
 Where winding vales run rich with frequent rills,  
 And verdant plains are crown'd with rising hills,

Where gentle Liger slowly seeks the sea, 330  
 Scatt'ring full plenty in his peaceful way,  
 Where near proud Angier's walls his waves are roll'd,  
 And through their crytall clear display the sandy gold.  
 Here lovely maids of form divine abound,  
 With ev'ry grace and just perfection crown'd ; 335  
 Here still the marks of heaven's first work they wear,  
 And, like the first Pandora, still are faultless fair.

Mark how their statutes due proportion know,  
 Not rise too high, nor sink too meanly low ;  
 No meagre bony jaws deform the face, 340  
 Nor puffy sides the taper shape disgrace,  
 But ev'ry part alike becomes its place.  
 Behold how lovely smooth the forehead shines,  
 How milky white the soft descent inclines,  
 How fitly to the sparkling eyes it joins ! 345  
 While gaily pleasing they, and sweetly bright,  
 Fill each beholder's heart with dear delight.  
 See on the blooming cheeks, so freshly spread,  
 So duly mixt, the native white and red ,  
 Mark what full roses on the lips appear, 350  
 What sweets they breathe, what balmy dew they wear '  
 But lost and endless were my pain, to trace  
 The vast infinity of beauty's grace :  
 Why should the muse in lavish numbers speak  
 The golden tresses, or the iv'ry neck ? 355  
 Why should the bashful nymph attempt to tell,  
 What soft round globes on rising bosoms swell '  
 What secret charms—Since modesty denies,  
 And bars the bold access of wanton eyes ;  
 Blushing, with decent grace her veil she draws, 360  
 And shields the fair from shame by custom's rev'rend  
 laws.

Nor do we less our manly beauty boast,  
 Prov'd often to the love-sick virgin's cost ;  
 In either sex, her skill, dame nature shows,  
 And equally her fairest gifts bestows. 365  
 Mark when the downy plumes at first begin  
 To promise early manhood on his chin ;

How goodly grac'd the rising youth is seen,  
 His form how noble, and how great his mien;  
 From vital juices well and kindly mix'd, 370  
 The constitution just and firmly fix'd;  
 No meagre pale, upon his visage spread,  
 Taints with unwholesome hue the native red;  
 But healthy, sanguine, of the Tyrian dye,  
 Laughs in his looks, while from his front on high, 375  
 In large descending locks his auburn tresses fly.  
 Nor boast his other parts less grace divine,  
 Sweet loveliness with comely strength combine,  
 Each limb on well compacted muscles turns,  
 And just proportion the fair whole adorns. 380  
 Such equal tempers happy Gallia knows,  
 Such are the forms our kinder heaven bestows.  
 Far from the clime where sultry suns arise,  
 Far from the wintry north's inclement skies,  
 In the mid-space the queen of nations lies; 385  
 With softest airs; with sweetest is she blest,  
 And gentle heats brood on her balmy breast.  
 If then the genial arts thou seek to know,  
 Attend to what the skilful muse can show,  
 Sweet are her sacred rules, and tunefully they flow. 390  
 "Not every man or woman was design'd  
 "To propagate and multiply their kind;  
 "Forbid we rightly the deform'd and foul,  
 "To clothe with ill-shap'd limbs the heavenly soul.  
 Has not the poet's song divinely told 395  
 Of births detested in the days of old?  
 How dreadful Phlegeton did night invade,  
 Compress the beldam in her own dire shade?  
 Hence sprung the sisters (horrible to sight!)  
 Whose hellish heads with hissing snakes affright. 400  
 Who shudders not at Pluto's odious bed?  
 What virgin would a one-ey'd Cyclops wed?  
 Were I to judge, no vulcan e'er should prove  
 A horrid husband to the queen of love,  
 Some sifter task his barren age should find, 405  
 In hamm'ring bolts for Jove to plague mankind.

Doom'd to old *Ætna's* forge he should remain,  
And diudge out dull immortal years in vain.

But he who judges right of what is fair,  
With healthy sons will healthy daughters pair : 410  
As unperforming useleſs drones, will drive  
The weak and ſickly from the marriage hive ;  
Whether a man, by frequent viſits, feel  
The gnawing torments of the gouty ill ;  
Or ſudden epilepſies ſeize his mind, 415  
Or bilious cholic rack his breſt with wind ;  
Or on his waſted lungs an ulcer prey,  
Or a conſumption lingeringly betray  
His pining life, and murder by delay.

For, man's new curious ſyſtem to compoſe, 420  
An equal portion every limb beſtows,  
From every nerve collected nature flows :  
Whence by traduction from the father run  
Ill habitudes, entail'd upon the ſon ;

The latent poiſon in the bowels grows, 425  
And propagates a family of woes.

How oft do men their ill-ſtar'd birth bewail,  
Condemn'd to a diſeaſeful body's jail !  
How oft with vain complaints they load the ſkies,  
And guiltleſs gods accuſe with fruitleſs cries ! 430  
When the true cauſe of their repeated blame,  
From a diſtemper'd feeble marriage came.

Let then a healthy bridegroom and a bride  
Be in connubial leagues of love ally'd ;  
If they deſire that future times ſhould know 435  
To what a lovely origin they owe

A race of men, for all that's generous born,  
Or to defend their country, or adorn.  
The prudent farmers, who of heaven implore  
A plenteous harveſt, and increaſing ſtore ; 440

The fineſt of their wheat for ſeed retain,  
Nor ſow their acres with corrupted grain.  
Hence loaded fields their annual wealth unfold,  
And ſmiling *Ceres* waves in ſheafy gold.

Thus lab'ring hinds, for a rich crop of corn, 445  
 Improve their ground, while you neglect with scorn  
 The grateful soil, from whence mankind is born :

Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce  
 From a hale body, pure and generous juice ;  
 Which in clear channels may unblended run, 450  
 From the bright father to the brighter son.

Is then the price of man no better known,  
 Or God, who form'd thy image from his own ?  
 Cannot that soul which does with art survey  
 The stars, and travels o'er the milky way, 455  
 Elect thy spirits, and refine thy clay ?

Does sloth supine in such strong fetters bind  
 Your abject sense, and make you less inclin'd  
 To found a beauteous temple for th' ethereal mind ?  
 Ye gods, who to a human birth repair, 460

And watch the cradle with a guardian's care,  
 From nuptial banes exclude a weakly pair ;  
 Lest execrations from their children's throat,  
 Their wretched parents to the fiends devote.

And thou, great Father of all human race, 465  
 Whole hand preserves this globe in strict embrace,  
 No longer let the wicked custom reign,  
 Nor the just beauty of thy labour stain.

Let a new genius from the skies descend  
 With better nature, and mankind befriend : 470  
 Who may this theme with well wrote rules adorn,  
 And give instruction to an age unborn.

Nor is't enough that marriages agree  
 In mutual vigour, and from sickness free ;  
 If you desire an offspring, you must learn 475  
 Another lesson of the first concern.

The nuptial knot should be with equals ty'd,  
 No sanguine bridegroom to a sapless bride ;  
 Nor should a bloomy nymph entomb her charms  
 In an old husband's monumental arms. 480

Hymen will such an ill-yok'd couple blame,  
 And Juno kindle an unhappy flame :

- Alesto, frowning on the luckless pair,  
 Shakes her sulphureous torch, and snaky hair.  
 See how young Chloe, keen with strong desires, 485  
 From her old wither'd spouse with scorn retires,  
 His frigid kisses shuns, and languid fires;  
 With frequent tears bedews her face, and quits  
 Her idle drudge, and the detested sheets.  
 Thee, happy Atys, Rhea from above 490  
 Pursu'd with chaste desires, and honest love.  
 Had th' antiquated goddess thee caress'd,  
 And with cold kisses in her bosom press'd,  
 Thy wasting youth had found its certain doom,  
 Unfinew'd of his strength and springing bloom. 495  
 For the dull dryness of old age desires  
 More aliment to feed its dying fires,  
 And lusty nature's whole vivific stock requires.  
 So ever burning sands in Libyan plains,  
 Suck in with greedy thirst the falling rains; 500  
 And still unsated with the watry store,  
 Their drought increasing, make demands for more.  
 Yet more from discord of unequal seed,  
 When youth and age are coupled for the breed,  
 Diseases in a sickly train proceed. 505  
 And if at last a weakly offspring's born,  
 How oft his wretched being will he mourn;  
 How oft a life in misery extend,  
 Unuseful to his country, or his friend?  
 — Not can we here forget the modish crime,  
 Which flights the rules of our instructing rhyme: 510  
 How ill-advising thirst of gold supplies  
 The want of passion, and perverts our eyes;  
 Which to a face superior and divine  
 Prefers the monarch's image on the coin:  
 How, fashionably vain, large portions prove 515  
 Rebellious subjects to commanding love:  
 For if the chests of a rich father hold;  
 The sacred load of writings, or of gold;  
 If he can jointure a consenting mate  
 With the gay ruin of a vast estate; 520



Blind with the shining hopes, each nymph will run  
 With proffer'd beauty to the charming son,  
 While the fond parents with her wealthily undone:  
 Though the pale wretch with sure contagion kills,  
 Intested with an hospital of ills, 525  
 And every vile disease which crowds the weekly bills:  
 Though pining in the last decline of life,  
 A fruitless burden to his longing wife.  
 How hard her fate, who in her youthful pride,  
 Finds a dry monster snoring by her side, 530  
 A married virgin she, and widow'd bride!  
 Of her lost bloom how oft will she complain,  
 And wet the joyless sheets with nightly rain!  
 How will she childless mourn! or what is worse,  
 Loathe her detested race, a heavier curse! 535  
 Besides, if prompted by her strong desires,  
 She seeks new springs to cool her wanton fires;  
 If wand'ring in the search of bliss she flies,  
 To seek what her enervate drudge denies;  
 (For who would with a loathsome joy to prove, 540  
 Or languish in the arms of sickly love?)  
 What rank adulteries thy house will stain,  
 And crowd it with a long promiscuous train,  
 Which thou, good-natur'd cuckold, must maintain!  
 'Tis true the boy, not thine, will bear thy name, 545  
 Though twenty fathers have a better claim.  
 Here shall his features, and his mien express  
 A baronet, and there his groom confess.  
 Here a young colonel's wailike look, or there  
 A sneaking citizen's submissive air. 550  
 Then shall the hoarded sums, and glittering heap,  
 Which thou hast laboured anxiously to keep;  
 Then shall the acres of thy rented ground,  
 The flocks and herds with which thy fields abound,  
 All which to thee by long descent have run, 555  
 Be spent in riot by a spurious son.  
 Nor does a private family alone  
 Beneath the mischief of this poison groan,

In palaces the growing evil spreads,   
 And impudently climbs imperial beds : 560   
 When kings, enfeebled by luxurious ease,   
 Or latent seeds of some uncured disease,   
 By the warm sides of youthful consorts freeze ;   
 No longer now at the soft anvil sweat,   
 Too impotent to govern or beget. 565   
 Hence infants sometimes may a kingdom guide,   
 Though royal only by the mother's side :   
 Hence the deluded sire's oblig'd to own   
 The doubted offspring of a blood unknown,   
 And willingly adopts the bastard to his throne. 570   
 Nor is our sex less faulty than the fair ;   
 Alike we fall within the golden snare :   
 For if a matron's fortune can supply   
 The want of each endearing quality ;   
 Though fitter for a tomb than bridal bed, 575   
 Though time sits hoary on her streaking head ;   
 Though from her eyes the blackish humour breaks,   
 And trickles down the furrows of her cheeks ;   
 Though here and there a straggling tooth is set,   
 A thin plantation, and deform'd with jet ; 580   
 Though husky coughs make an ungrateful din,   
 And phthisics rattle from her lungs within :   
 Yet if this complicated ill desire   
 With Hymen's torch to light her dying fire ;   
 If for connubial joys enrag'd she thirst, 585   
 To sate her greedy and impetuous lust ;   
 Some younger brother will perhaps incline   
 To pay his homage at her golden shrine :   
 Who with dissembled love will fondly run   
 To kiss the wither'd wealthy skeleton ; 590   
 Will fold the beldam in his arms to rest,   
 And with dissembled joy pant on her leathern breast.   
 But ah ! this husband of a large estate   
 Soon flags, and turns by quick degrees to hate ;   
 Quits the dull carcase of the nauseous dame, 595   
 Slights her dry embers for a brisker flame,   
 And seeks with eager heat a nobler game :

Some tender yielding maids he longs to prove,  
 Or some co-eval wife's unlawful love;  
 While, single, his neglected consort lies, 600  
 And wastes the joyless night in empty sighs.  
 Hence tears, preluding to destructive jars,  
 And sad complaints to unassisting stars!  
 Hence deep resentments rack her jealous head,  
 For her wrong'd honour, and deserted bed! 605  
 Hence study of revenge her love repels,  
 And all the woman rises and rebels!  
 In wicked arts and deadly drugs she deals,  
 And with dissembled duty rage conceals:  
 While careless he, and indolent of thought, 610  
 Drinks sure destruction in some fatal draught.  
 Did not the tenets of religion bind  
 To sacred counsels my obedient mind,  
 Love should be liking; nor the nuptial league  
 Be ty'd by compact, or design'd intrigue 615  
 Of selfish parents, who in wedlock join  
 Their sons, to raise their wealth, and not their line.  
 For should wise nature, for the Cyprian joys,  
 Direct a couple in their mutual choice,  
 They would by reason, not by custom led, 620  
 Ne'er tie a living body to a dead.  
 Be banish'd then, unfit for amorous sport,  
 The fribling dotard from the Paphian court:  
 Let youth their strength on youth alone employ,  
 And burn with equal love and healthy joy, 625  
 To propagate mankind and people earth  
 With a sound offspring and a generous birth.  
 Nor, while I dictate these important truths,  
 Grateful to maidens and unmarried youths,  
 Would I to an extreme as bad incline, 630  
 And beardless boys with unledg'd virgins join,  
 New, to a blush, and fond without design.  
 For prudent nature, who has then began  
 To knit the joints, and to confirm the man,  
 Has not as yet her genial power distill'd, 635  
 Nor with prolific juice the vessels fill'd.

If then a damsel, who designs to wed,  
 Would reap the pleasures of the nuptial bed;  
 Let her (for Themis these strict rules ordains,  
 To curb too forward nymphs, and eager swains) 640  
 Expect with patience, till the rolling sun  
 Has twice 'six times his annual journey run;  
 Till her maturing years begin to bloom,  
 And promise early offspring to the womb.  
 For when the swelling mass is firmly knit, 645  
 And the ripe virgin glows with perfect heat;  
 Then rosy streams from secret springs abound,  
 Which kindly bathe the fruitful womb around;  
 By nature's prudent care provided well,  
 To feed the sleeping infant in his cell: 650  
 Then her soft breasts the lover's heart inspire  
 With tempting heavings, and provoke desire.  
 So should the youth attend, till time begin  
 With mossy down to clothe and sledge the chin;  
 Till the firm channels swell with vigorous blood, 655  
 And roll, impetuous, a prolific flood.  
 Then, if kind Juno his endeavours bless,  
 He safely may the wedded fair caress,  
 And venture on love's soft and close recess.  
 If youths and virgins would these rules obey, 660  
 And wisely follow where I chalk the way,  
 What beautiful blossoms would their labours bring?  
 What fruits would in the bridal-chamber spring?  
 Would they with equal constitutions join,  
 Man would be all harmonious, all divine, 665  
 And angels' heavenly looks would in God's image shine.  
 Mean time, while lab'ring in this pleasing art,  
 The sacred laws of nature I impart;  
 While to the married pair the willing muse  
 Gives sound instructions of important use: 670  
 Lo! a young hero of imperial race,  
 With early manhood and superior grace,  
 Mounts the paternal throne of France, and brings  
 New glory to the blood from whence he springs,  
 The worthy successor of ancient kings. 675

Lewis! Heav'n's darling offspring, from above  
 Sent to command with equity and love;  
 By wholesome laws the factious world to bind,  
 And be a present succour to mankind.  
 What royal mien! What mingled graces rise      680  
 In every part, and lighten from his eyes!  
 What majesty of soul, aspiring to the skies!  
 A thousand goddesses admire his charms,  
 His princely air & thousand nymphs alarms,  
 A thousand sighs they send, to languish in his arms. 685  
 Him the bright nymph of Austria's blood adores,  
 Who burns where Tagus gilds Iberian shores;  
 The gentle winds tell every secret groan,  
 And waft her wishes to the Gallic throne.  
 If, mighty prince, thou to the match incline,      690  
 Spain and her Indian treasures shall be thine.  
 For thee the tender Lusitanian dame  
 Consumes, and rivals the Hesperian flame.  
 For thee she pines; for thee the beauties glow,  
 Which drink the German Rhine and Latian Po. 695  
 All stung alike, and emulous to tread  
 The bridal room, and mount thy lofty bed.

But thou! the hope of the Bourbonian line,  
 A foreign Hymen's sacred torch decline.  
 Of those refulgent stars which crowd our sky,      700  
 And sparkle in the Celtic galaxy,  
 A hundred beauties in thy court are seen,  
 Deserving the high title of thy queen;  
 On whose fair birth, a planet, like thy own,  
 With friendly influence, propitious shone;      705  
 Whence kindly seeds arise, and kisses not unknown.  
 Nor be to fond desires so blindly lost,  
 To choose a nymph, whom turbid Tyber's coast  
 Or whom Ausonio's petty princes boast.  
 Nor, mindless of the blood which swells each vein, 710  
 Admit, as comfort of thy glorious reign,  
 Such humble births, a mean degenerate strain.

Consult thy royalty with nicest care,  
 And fix with judgment on the chosen fair,  
 Worthy to languish by a monarch's side ; 715  
 Nor sue by proxy to an absent bride.  
 Survey in person the delicious prize,  
 And drink in love at thy own piercing eyes :  
 Demand her person on a double score,  
 Much for her beauty, for her virtue more. 720  
 Mad custom ! where a queen is led to climb  
 (Unseen before) the royal bed sublime :  
 Where kings are guided by another's voice,  
 And follow blindfold the deputed choice.  
 Be this thy first and latest wish, to prove, 725  
 In liken chains of matrimonial love,  
 Some charming heroine of high descent,  
 The partner of thy breast and government :  
 From whose celestial loins may spring an heir,  
 Great, like his father ; like his mother, fair : 730  
 Whose native charms with an engaging art,  
 Win the glad soul, and steal upon the heart.  
 The conscious people willingly obey  
 Whene'er designing destiny makes way  
 By manly beauty to imperial sway ; 735  
 When they behold a royal infant born,  
 Whose starry temples shall the crown adorn.  
 Where is the mighty gain, that from a stem  
 Of kings, a Juno share thy diadem ?  
 If you attempt th' embraces of a queen 740  
 In body foul, with swarthy cheeks obscene ;  
 How will she damp thy flames, thy pleasures cloy ?  
 What love can she inspire ? what real joy ?  
 What just materials bring for thy succeeding boy ?  
 Unfit for sceptres, his unprincely face, 745  
 Abhorring from the brightness of thy race,  
 Thy subjects shall pervert, thy throne disgrace.  
 Nor is the secret to the muse unknown,  
 How courts, to frequent wantonness prone,

By loose desires and high examples led, 750  
 Stain the chaste honours of the royal bed.

How a young monarch, to his queen unjust,  
 Oft licentes the fashionable lust.

So in Olympus once, adult'rous Jove  
 Left his loth'd Juno for a human love : 755

In earth and heaven his spurious offspring sow'd,  
 Profusely scatter'd his immortal blood,

And stock'd the sky with a promiscuous brood.

Great sire, abandon this opprobrious life,  
 Contented with a lov'd, and loving wife. 760

Let the pure issue of unpotted flames  
 Thy sceptre wield, and shun lascivious dames.

But if my private muse, without offence,  
 May freely utter her impartial sense ;

There might be found a more adapted mate, 765  
 Of higher virtues, though of humbler state.

Who with requiting fires thy fires would meet,  
 Of temper equal, and of form complete ;

Whole looks might soften and unbend thy care,  
 And ease the burden of the gold you wear. 770

Others, who court alliance to thy throne,  
 Seek but to strengthen, and secure their own :

So the weak branches of the tender vine  
 In circling folds the married elm entwine.

But kings, who to themselves their grandeur owe, 775  
 Self-balanc'd, on unmov'd foundations grow :

Safe in their people's strength, from princes near  
 They seek no succours, and no forces fear.

But while we wait, from what celestial worth,  
 From what great princeps of exalted birth, 780

New Cæsars shall arise to rule the Gallic earth :

Me, Phœbus, guide with thy informing light,

While useful laws for husbands I indite ;

Smile on my pleasing toil, and aid my daring flight.

# CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Life of the Author,	v
RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.	
Poem on the Death of Mr. Rowe, by Mr. Amhurst,	19
To the Memory of Nicholas Rowe, Esq. by Mr. Beckingham	22
A Pastoral to the honoured Memory of Mr. Rowe, by Mrs. Centlivre,	25
An Ode sacred to the Memory of N. Rowe, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Newcomb,	28
MISCELLANIES.	
Unio,	35
The Union,	ib.
Mæcenas, Verses occasioned by the honours conferred on the Earl of Halifax, in 1774,	36
Verses made on a Simile of Pope's,	ib.
On Nicolini and Valentini's first coming to the House in the Hay-Market,	37
A Poem on the late glorious Successes, &c. humbly inscribed to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin	ib.
Occasioned by his first Visit to Lady Warwick at Holland House,	50
The Visit,	51
The Contented Shepherd. To Mrs. A—— D——	ib.
EPISTLES.	
An Epistle to Flavia on the sight of two Pindaric Odes on the Spleen and Vanity, &c.	53
Stanzas to Lady Warwick, on Mr. Addison's going to Ireland,	56



# CONTENTS.

ii

Page

To Lord Warwick, on his Birthday,	57
To Lady Jane Wharton, on her studying the Globe,	ib.
To Mrs. Pulteney, upon her going abroad,	58

# EPIGRAMS.

Epigram on a Lady who shed her Water on seeing the Tragedy of Cato, &c.	59
The same imitated in Latin,	ib
Epigram to the two new Members for Bramber, 1708	ib.
Epigram on the Prince of Wales, then Regent, ap- pearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716,	60

# ODES.

Ode for the New Year 1716,	61
Ode for the New Year 1717,	64
Ode to Peace, for the Year 1718,	66
Ode for the King's Birth day, 1718,	67
Ode to the Thames, for the Year 1719,	68

# SONGS.

Song. A Game at Flats,	71
Ditto, Colin's Complaint,	ib.
Reply by another hand,	74
Song for the King's Birthday, May 28, 1716,	76
Song on a fine Woman who had a dull Husband,	78
Song, Ah, Willow! To Mrs. A—— D—— in her Sickness,	79
To the same singing,	81
Song. The fair Inconstant,	82

## PROLOGUES.

Prologue to The Nonjuror, a Comedy by Mr. Cibber,	83
Prologue to The Gamester, a Comedy by Mrs. Centlivre,	85

## EPILOGUES.

Epilogue to The Inconstant, &c. a Comedy by Mr. Farquhar,	86
Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Barry in Love for Love,	88
Epilogue to the Cruel Gift, a Tragedy by Mrs. Centlivre,	90

## IMITATIONS.

Hor. Lib. II. Ode IV. Ad Xanthium,	92
Hor. Book II. Ode IV. imitated,	93
Hor. Lib. III. Ode IX. Ad Lydiam,	95
The Reconciliation between Jacob Tonson and Mr. Congreve. An Imitation of Hor. Book III. Ode IX.	96
Hor. Lib. III. Ode XXI. Ad Amphoram,	97
Hor. Book III. Ode XXI. To his Cask,	98
Hor. Lib. IV. Ode I. Ad Venerem,	100
Hor. Book IV. Ode XXI. To Venus.	102
Hor. Lib. I. Epist. IV. Ad Albium Tibullum,	104
Hor. Book I. Epist. IV. imitated,	105
The Story of Glaucus and Scylla, from Ovid,	107
On Contentment, from the Latin of J. Gerhard,	110
On the last Judgment, and the Happiness of the Saints in Heaven, from ditto,	113

## TRANSLATIONS.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras, translated from the Greek,	112
The first Book of Quillett's Callipædia, trans- lated,	118

















## LIFE OF OTWAY.

THE Life of Thomas Otway, though he is one of the most distinguished names in the British Drama, affords very little that can give the biographer pleasure in relating, or the reader in perusing.

He was born at Totton in Sussex, March 34, 1651, the son of the Reverend Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woodlinton in that County. He received his education at Winchester-school, and was one of the scholars of Christ-church Oxford, in 1666, but did not graduate without a degree, which is not in his records. Little of his opinions, or rapine or malice against art, is not known.

It seems probable that he was engaged in some way in the world for he went to London, and was there a year, but found himself not capable of doing any thing of great reputation on the stage. In his *Reflections on the Tragedy of the King in Massacre*, published by Downes, the promoter, who mentions his name, is a character of the King in *Massacre*, which is a very good one, or the *Tragedy of the King in Massacre*, which is a very good one, or the *Tragedy of the King in Massacre*, which is a very good one. This account is a very good one, or the *Tragedy of the King in Massacre*, which is a very good one. On this occasion Dr. Johnson has the following observation.

“ This kind of ability he shared with Shakspeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise with them excellent sense. It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without labour become a great actor; that he who can feel, could express, and that he who could excite passion should exhibit with great readiness its external motives. But since experience has fully proved that of those powers, whatever be their number, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other, it must be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or a different use of the same faculty, that the actor must have a pliancy of mind, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may easily be supposed to want, or that the ac-

for the first time, the two groups have been differently exposed to the new technology, depending on the other country's level of development, and the other countries' level of development.

But he could not acquire no characterisation of the various acts of his conversation, and he was not deemed him the favour of one of the natural sons of Christ, Cornet's commission in some of his own hands. But Orway did not mind any character, for he soon left the army to his friends, and returned to London in a short time, with a *Bocheff* means, with more of the same of the *Bocheff*.

[illegible]

As he felt such powers as might qualify him for a dramatic author, he exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory for the equally uncertain and more barren harvest of poetry, and soon discovered that writing for the stage was the principal employment that nature had fitted him for.

A accordingly, in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, he produced *Albius*, a Comedy, his full performance, whether from the *Albius* of Palepiat is uncertain. *Der Cackler* from which he is represented as having received much benefit, was performed the same year. It appears, by the Laripoon, to have great success, and is said to have run thirty nights. This however it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time, when the appetite for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused, through the whole people, and the audience, consisting nearly of the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety.

In 1677 he produced *Titus and Berenice*, translated from Racine, with *The Ciceis of Scipio* from Moliere, in 1678 *Friendship in Fashion*, a Comedy, which at its first representation met with success; but on its revival was laid off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

Dr. Johnson with truth observes that “want of modesty, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any power of the stamper; and Otway is said to have been at the first of your’s company, of the dissolute wits. But as he who does no virtue in his company has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented he pursued of doing more for him than to pass his reckoning. They did not only to drink and to sing, then for a time without benevolence, and then for civility without thanksgiving. Most of wit, says one of Otway’s biographers, received that time no favour from the great but to share their cares, from which they were dismissed to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty without the support of eminence.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that kept possession of the stage, and has pleased for more than a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. Dr. Johnson says of this play “nothing new can be said. It is a domestic tragedy, drawn from middle life, its whole power is upon the affections, for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression; but if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed.” The same year he produced *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the character of young *Marius* and *Lavinia* are borrowed from the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakespeare.

In 1683 he produced *The Soldier’s Fortune*, a Comedy, which may have been popular when it was written, for licentiousness then polluted the court, the nation, and the stage; but it is now entirely laid aside.

In 1682 appeared his great dramatic work, *Venice Preserved*, a tragedy, which has long continued to be a favourite of the public, though there is not a virtuous character in it, but that of *Belvidera*, and the action is absurdly diversified by scenes of low comedy. So amazing, however, is the force of his skill in delineating the characters originally from nature, and in blinding public and private virtues, that the distress of *Belvidera* melts every heart, and the ruffian on the wheel is as much an object of pity as if he had been brought down to that unhappy fate by some honourable action. By comparing this with his *Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetic. The striking passages are in every mouth, and the public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast.

In 1684 was exhibited *The Atheist*, or *The Second part of The Soldiers Fortune*, a comedy; which was his last dramatic performance, and is now deservedly neglected, like the other, for licentiousness.

Besides his plays, Otway published *The History of the Triumvirate*, a translation from the French, and the poems in the present collection. All this was performed before he was thirty four years old, and died April 14, 1685, in a manner which humanity is loath to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, by the tanniers of the law, he retired to a public house, on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a great quantity of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, and Otway.

way, going away, bought a roll, the first mouthful of which choaked him, and put a period to his days. All this we hope, for the sake of humanity, is not true; and there is ground of better hope, as Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates, in *Spenser's Memorials*, that he died of a fever, caught by violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his

Whatever may have been the immediate cause of his death, it is certain that indigence and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, and sunk him to the grave.

His melancholy has been wept by many succeeding poets, with the genuine tears of sensibility, and particularly by Mr. Preston, in an *Epistle to a Young Gentleman*, dissuading him from the study of poetry, by a pathetic enumeration of the martyrs of the lyre.

"The stings of want when famish'd Otway bore,  
 "Oh! think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!  
 "Awake to mourn, and exquisite to feel  
 "How sorrow rive him with her hand of steel.  
 "Thou brightest fancy, softest, kindest soul,  
 "There sway'd the tragic muse with high control;  
 "And Venus kiss'd thy ups, and bath'd thy frame  
 "In purest nectar, but she bath'd in vain  
 "Child of the Graces, nursing of the Loves,  
 "In houseless beggary poor Otway roves.  
 "Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies,  
 "A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes,  
 "With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,  
 "The damps of death his weary eye-lids seal."

Critics observe, that like Shakespeare and Rowe, the genius of Otway was chiefly adapted to dramatic composition, in which he stood unrivalled by his contemporaries, and has not been exceeded by his successors. His power upon the passions was unlimited, in his dramatic writing; but his reputation bears no degree of proportion, respecting his poems. Dr. Johnson observes, that he had not much cultivated versification, nor much enlivened his mind with general knowledge. The longest of his poems is the *Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, written in the style and manner of the Pindaric Ode; the language is sometimes gross, and the versification frequently inharmonious. In his *Windfor Castle*, his loyalty is conspicuous, and many of the lines

are

are entitled to praise. The *Epistle to Duke* has some sprightliness, and many pleasing flights of fancy; his principal power was in moving the passions, to which Dryden, in his latter years, left an illustrious testimony.

In fine, his tragedies are the foundation of his fame, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, as the pathetic passages are in every mouth, and every representation draws tears from the truest eyes in the nation. He appears, by some of his verses, to have been a zealous royalist and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty;—he lived and died neglected.



# WINDSOR CASTLE.

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN

KING CHARLES II.

OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvius dum piscis amabit,  
 "Dumque thymum pascentur apes, dum rore cecidat,  
 "Semper Honor, Nomenque tuum, Laudeſque manebunt.  
 "Si cernimus Sylvas, Iſura hinc Conſultat, Iſtae"

*Virgil*

To the immortal Fame of our late great Sovereign King Charles II. of ever blessed Memory, and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince James II now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following Poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO ORWAY.

**T**HOUGH poets immortality may give,  
 And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:  
 How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious name,  
 Which must be deathless as thy ruler's name:  
 But that I, wanting fame, am sure of thine 5  
 To eternize this humble song of mine?  
 At least the memory of that more than man,  
 From whose vast mind thy glories first began,  
 Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,  
 For wonders always did his name attend. 10  
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet still his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 Great were the toils attending the command  
 Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,  
 Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest, 15  
 Would never give its nursing father rest;  
 But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,  
 By rods and axes held in awe;  
 But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,  
 In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd; 20  
 Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,  
 Giv'd at our follies with a father's love,



Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,  
 And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;  
 Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25  
 Lent to our succour a forgiving hand,  
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,  
 For gods have power to keep the balance even, 30  
 Which if kings loose, how can they govern well:  
 Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:  
 Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,  
 Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;  
 And round the throne themselves in tumults spread, 35  
 To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.  
 By example this that valiant king once knew,  
 And after, by experience, found too true.  
 Under Philistian lord we long his mercy saw,  
 When he, our great deliverer, return'd, 40  
 But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,  
 The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:  
 And when this land in blood he might have laid,  
 Brought balm for the wounds ourselves had made.  
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies, 45  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

'Then matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,  
 And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:  
 On his each hand his royal brothers shone,  
 Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50  
 The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as he,  
 As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;  
 Of nature generous, and of steadfast mind,  
 To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,  
 Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55  
 Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,  
 True to his friends, and watchful o'er his foes,  
 And a just value upon each man's repose:  
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,  
 The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend.  
 Now justly seated on th' imperial throne, 60  
 In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,  
 Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,  
 Till all his foes their just confusion meet,  
 And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!  
 The second, for debates in council sit,  
 Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:  
 To all the noblest heights of learning bred,  
 Both men and books with curious search had read: 70  
 Whom'd the ancient policies of Greece,  
 And having form'd from all one curious piece,  
 Learnt thence what spring, best move and guide a state.  
 And could with ease direct the heavy weight.  
 But our then angry fate great Gloster seiz'd,  
 And never since seem'd perfectly pleas'd: 75  
 For oh! what pity, people blest as we  
 With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,  
 Should witness of our old estate retain,  
 To make us surfeit into slaves again! 80  
 Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,  
 And serv'd so base a bondage to before;  
 Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,  
 Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.  
 Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, 85  
 And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring chuse.  
 Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,  
 Though much the lion in his bosom prest:  
 But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,  
 That his own passions knew him, and obey'd: 90  
 Master of them, he soften'd his command,  
 The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:  
 Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,  
 But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:  
 So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd to afford 95  
 One least perfection more, each had been ador'd.  
 Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,  
 Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave;  
 The paths of life by noblest methods trod;  
 Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god. 100  
 Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

In this great mind long be his cares resolv'd,  
 And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd:  
 Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd; 105  
 Peace was the choice, and then debates were clos'd.  
 But oh!

Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,  
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.

The elements due order here maintain, 110

And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain.  
 Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands around,  
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.

But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,  
 Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115

Mistaking every nobilitie of life,  
 Left beautiful Quiet, sweet kind, tender wife,  
 For the unwholesome, howling hal-lot, Strife.

The man in power, by wild ambition led,  
 Envy'd all honours of another's head, 120

And to supplant some rival, by his pride  
 Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.

The priests, who humble temperance should possess,

Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease,

So, with small labours in the vineyard shown, 125

Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.

That dark enigma (yet unmiddled) law,

Instead of doing right, and giving awe,

Kept open lifts, and at the noisy bar,

Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130

Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,

Might damn their souls to ruin one another.

Hence civils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,

From false religions and corrupted laws,

Till so at last rebellions base was hid, 135

\* And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel, whose surmounting power

Wanted great Charles in each emergent hour,

Against whose care hell vainly did decree,

For faster could design than that foresee, 140

Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow

From all its blackest arts, was with him now,

Afford him peace must be for him design'd,  
 For he was born to give it all mankind.  
 By patience, mercies large, and many toils. 145  
 In his own realms to calm intestine broils,  
 Thence every root of discord to remove,  
 And plant us new with unity and love.  
 Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,  
 Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars; 150  
 To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,  
 Who, to their madness and their rage might cease,  
 Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)  
 Like us the people, and like him their kings.  
 But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies, 155  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 For this assurance pious thanks he paid;  
 Then in his mind the beauties model laid,  
 Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care  
 A-while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160  
 A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,  
 Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,  
 He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow  
 On the vain, busy, swarming world below.  
 E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165  
 Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,  
 Once in a happy hour was thither led,  
 Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.  
 There tell, my muse, what wonders thou didst find,  
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170  
 'Twas on that joyful hallow'd day's return,  
 On which that man of miracles was born,  
 At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,  
 Which prodigy foretold yet many more;  
 Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175  
 Nor shinn'd, but for one greater king before.  
 Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,  
 The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180  
 Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's sound,  
 And cheertful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.

But, above all, within those lofty towers,  
 Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,  
 Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face; 18;  
 'Twas gay, but yet majestic as the place;  
 Tell then, my muse, what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whole ancient frame  
 His outworn time, and the records of Fame, 190  
 A reverend dome there stands, where twice each day  
 Assembling prophets their devotions pay,  
 In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,  
 The cornet, flute, and shawm, assisting as they sing.  
 Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, 205  
 From the first tables of the holy mount,  
 To the blest gospel of our glorious Lord,  
 Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.  
 Here speak, my muse, what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. 200

Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,  
 Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.  
 Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,  
 I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,  
 When one approach'd who bore much sober grace, 205  
 Order and ceremony in his face;  
 A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,  
 A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:  
 His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,  
 Ready to open all to all that pay. 210  
 'This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd  
 My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,  
 Thus gently spoke: " Those banners ‡ rais'd on high,  
 " Betoken noble vows of chivalry;  
 " Which here their heroes with religion make, 215  
 " When they the ensigns of this order take."  
 Then in due method made me understand  
 What honour fam'd St. George had done our land:  
 What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove;  
 Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love, 220

\* St. George's Church.

† St. George's Chapel.

‡ Of the Knights of the Garter.

Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms  
 Keep wrong supplant, and innocence from harms.  
 At this my amazement yet did greater grow,  
 For I had been told all virtue was but show;  
 That oft bold villany had best success, 225  
 As if its use were more, nor merit less.  
 But here I saw how it rewarded sin'd,  
 Tell on, my muse, what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind.  
 I turn'd around my eyes, and lo, \* a cell, 230  
 Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,  
 The door unhang'd, without or bolt or ward,  
 Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.  
 Like some old den, scarce visit'd by day,  
 Where dark oblivion look'd as if watch'd for prey. 235  
 Here, in a heap of confused stage, I found  
 Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;  
 The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate  
 Which equally on all mankind does wait.  
 The hero, levell'd in his humble grave, 240  
 With other men, was now nor great nor brave;  
 While here his trophies, like their master, lay,  
 To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.  
 Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,  
 Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet; 245  
 Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;  
 But what recompence? A short applause,  
 Which, hearken! his ears, his memory may grace,  
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.  
 And happy that man's chance who falls in time, 250  
 Ere yet his virtue be become his pride;  
 Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his crime,  
 Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.  
 But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear  
 The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;  
 Whose mind no disappointment here can shake, 256  
 Who a true estimate of life does make,

\* An old use in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried  
 as if another succeeds him.

Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,  
 So to that prospect still his thoughts do bend;  
 Who, though his right a stronger power invade, 260  
 Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,  
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find  
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;  
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,  
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave? 265

But if immortal any thing remain,  
 Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.  
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,  
 And ease of every bitter weight I bear,  
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270  
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;  
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind!

Beyond the Dome a <sup>\*</sup> lofty tower appears,  
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years, 275  
 Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,  
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.  
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood  
 The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.  
 So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280  
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;  
 And they may rest, since † Norfolk there commands,  
 Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,  
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285  
 Where noble order strikes the greedy sight  
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight;  
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,  
 Shunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth;  
 Or by the Theban founder they 'd been rais'd, 290  
 And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:  
 Such strength without does every where abound,  
 Within such glory and such splendor's found,  
 As man's united skill had there combin'd  
 To express what one great genius had design'd. 295

\* The Castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor Castle.

‡ The House.

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,  
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;  
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,  
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;  
 But, at his call, from farthest nations came, 300  
 While the immortal Muses gave him name.  
 Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,  
 Rome never yet a work like this could boast:  
 No Caesar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,  
 Nor ever were his nations halt so blest: 305  
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet still his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 Here was all nature's wealth to court him prest,  
 Secur'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.  
 Through all the lofty roofs describ'd we find 310  
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:  
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,  
 And only fit for him who did perform.  
 The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,  
 Equal to what in temples shinn'd of old; 315  
 Glac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,  
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;  
 Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms  
 Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms:  
 For when wars troubled her soft fountains there, 320  
 She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here;  
 With her came Plenty, till our isle secur'd blest'd  
 As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.  
 Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd  
 Waste and confusion through the wretched world, 325  
 To after-times leave a great hated name,  
 The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame;  
 His country's father, through whose tender care,  
 Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear;  
 Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes, 330  
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize,  
 But if submission brought her to his feet,  
 With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!

\* The Paintings done by † The sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.



How would his love still with his justice strive !  
 How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive ! 335  
 But now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise forever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 Since after all those toils through which he strove  
 By every art of most endearing love,  
 For his reward he had his Briton found, 340  
 The awe and envy of the nations round.  
 Muſe, then ſpeak more what wonders thou didſt find  
 Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.  
 Tell now what emulation may inſpire,  
 And warm each Britiſh heart with warlike fire ; 345  
 Call all thy ſiſters of the ſacred hill,  
 And by the painter's pencil guide my quill ;  
 Deſcribe that lofty monumental \* hall,  
 Where England's triumph's grace the ſhining 'vall,  
 When ſhe led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.  
 Here when the ſons of Fame their leader meet, 350  
 And at their feaſts in pompous order ſit,  
 When the glad ſparkling bowl inſpires the board,  
 And high-raiſ'd thoughts great tales of war afford,  
 Here as a leſſon may their eyes behold 555  
 What their victorious fathers did of old,  
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic ſhore  
 Trembled to hear the Engliſh lion roar.  
 Here may they ſee how good old † Edward ſat,  
 And did his ‡ glorious ſon's arrival wait, 360  
 When from the fields of vanquiſh'd France he came,  
 Follow'd by ſpoils, and uſher'd in by Fame.  
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.  
 Oh, ſuch laurels on another head !  
 Unſet with ſloth, nor yet o'erloy'd with peace, 365  
 We ſhould not then learn'd the looſe arts of eaſe.  
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurſ'd,  
 And with no foreign education curſt.  
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,  
 Nor ſent for ſoftening into hotter air. 370

\* Where St. George's Feaſt is kept.

† Edward III.

‡ The Black Prince.

Nor did they as now from fruitless travels come  
 With follies, vices, and diseases home ;  
 But in full purity of health and mind  
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.  
 Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375  
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd  
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,  
 All means to such a noble end deny'd,  
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,  
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord. 380  
 But now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet still his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 And now survey what's open to our view,  
 Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,  
 The temple by this hero built beheld, 385  
 Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold ;  
 Whose radiant roof such glory does display,  
 We think we see the heaven to which we pray ;  
 So well the artist's hand has there declin'd  
 The merciful redemption of mankind ; 390  
 The bright ascension of the Son of God,  
 When back through yielding skies to heaven he rode,  
 With lightning round his head, and thunder where he  
 Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given [trod.  
 Wisdom the greatest gift of bounteous heaven ; 395  
 A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,  
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd ;  
 With riches too and honours was he crown'd,  
 Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.  
 Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said, 400  
 When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,  
 To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,  
 Who did as wondrous things, whodid as greatly reign.  
 " Happy were they who could before him stand,  
 " And saw the wisdom of his dread command ; " 405  
 For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest  
 Of other nations Britain should be blest.  
 Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,  
 Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight.

\* The Chapel at the end of the hall.



With them t' have point'd her destroying dart, 450  
 And through the brain found passage to the heart.  
 Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow  
 On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!  
 On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,  
 And sent him to the sorrows of the grave! 455

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw  
 The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;  
 How on his royal bed that woeful day  
 The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;  
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king, 460  
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.  
 Through many steady and well-manag'd years  
 He'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears  
 Which common mortals want the power to hide,  
 When their mean souls and valued clay divide. 465  
 He'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew  
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few:  
 Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,  
 And grew to familiar with his destiny;  
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate, 470  
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,  
 Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,  
 While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind  
 To his poor mourning people left behind! 575  
 But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,  
 None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.  
 For though a stubborn race, deserving ill,  
 Yet would he shew himself a father still.  
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480  
 His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.  
 Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,  
 And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;  
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,  
 And keep the foxes and the wolves away. 485

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,  
 And shew the wonders of fraternal love;  
 How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,  
 The dying grasping the surviving hand;

How round each other's necks their arms they cast, 490  
 Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd;  
 And of their parting pangs such marks did give,  
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.  
 Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,  
 And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious pencil next display, 495  
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,  
 With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,  
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground;  
 And in majestic silent sorrow down'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,  
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by;  
 Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,  
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer;  
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505  
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;  
 How from each groan of his, deriving smart,  
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.  
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,  
 With different lines of woe in every face; 510  
 With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming eyes,  
 And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,  
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.  
 At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515  
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear)  
 Describe her prostrate to the throne above,  
 Pleading with prayer the tender castle of love:  
 Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,  
 (For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh) 520  
 Let them attend her cries, and heal her moan,  
 With looks of beauteous sadness, like her own,  
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,  
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525  
 So any farther sad description shun.  
 Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,  
 'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

25

And thou thyself to such a scene of woe  
 Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow. 530  
 Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare  
 To draw a prospect now of clearer air.  
 Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,  
 And there the embryos of time display;  
 The forms of many smiling years to come, 535  
 Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;  
 Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,  
 To be at last grac'd with mighty James's reign.  
 Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,  
 Place too the charming partner of it there. 540  
 O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,  
 And loit'ry'd Cupids hover o'er her head;  
 In his, radiant smiling, yet majestic grace,  
 But all the wealth of beauty in her face.  
 'Then from the different corners of the earth 545  
 Describe applauding nations coming forth,  
 Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,  
 And own auspicious omens from his reign.  
 Set at long distance his contracted foes  
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose; 550  
 Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,  
 And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.  
 But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,  
 The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;  
 Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555  
 Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;  
 There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,  
 Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;  
 Or shelter'd from the scorchings of the sun,  
 Their labours ended, and repast begun; 560  
 Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did raise,  
 Sipping their own content, and ruler's praise.  
 Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,  
 Where contemplation best may pass her hours:  
 Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts, 565  
 Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.  
 Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,  
 (Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame.

Known for the man who from his youthful years,  
 By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears; 573  
 Whose conquering arm far envy'd wonders wrought,  
 When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;  
 When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,  
 Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:  
 But heaven such injur'd merit did regard 574  
 (As heaven in time true virtue will reward);  
 So to a throne by Providence he rose,  
 And all who e'er were his, were Providence's.

### THE ENCHANTMENT.

#### I.

**I** DID but look and love a-while,  
 'Twas but for one half-hour;  
 Then to resist I had no will,  
 And now I have no power.

#### II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease;  
 Sighs, which do heat impart,  
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

#### III.

O! would your pity give my heart  
 One corner of your breast,  
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,  
 And quickly steal the rest.



THE  
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE :

OR,

A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

*" Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam."*

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,

BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge; and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too for practice never more out of countenance than now; yet truth and honour are things which your lordship needs must be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a



second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have, in his calamities, stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.



THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

O D E

**T**O a high hill, where never yet stood tree,  
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and fuzes grow,  
 Where (napt by piercing air)  
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,  
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care, 5  
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,  
 A wandering hand, whose Muse has crazy grown,  
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,  
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down.  
 'Twas far from any path, but where the earth 10  
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,  
 When by the word it first was made,  
 Ere God had said,  
 Let grass, and herbs, and every green thing grow,  
 With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so. 15  
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,  
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;  
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast;  
 Where we are told Peace only's found at last:  
 And as he did its hopeless distance see, 20  
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:  
 The distance of his future joy  
 Had been enough to give him pain alone;  
 But who can undergo, 25  
 Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe!  
 Down his afflicted face  
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast apace,  
 As left a path worn by their briny race  
 Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well- 30  
 Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,  
 Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain  
 Itself) lay rack'd, and shaking with his pain.  
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,  
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside to see, 35  
 What the sad cause could be [high,  
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so

On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,  
 Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.  
 Peace to his mind I did commend : 40  
 But, oh ! my words were hardly at an end,  
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,  
 My much lov'd friend, so down I sat,  
 And begg'd that I might share his fate :  
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale 41  
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale.

## III.

I am a wretch of honest race ;  
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were :  
 They left me heir to no disgrace.  
 My father was (a thing now rare) 50  
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair :  
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I ;  
 Alone I liv'd their much lov'd fondled boy :  
 They gave me generous education ; high  
 They strove to raise my mind ; and with it grew their 51  
 joy.

The sages that instructed me in arts  
 And knowledge, oft' would praise my parts,  
 And cheer my parents' longing hearts.  
 When I was call'd to a dispute,  
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute : 60  
 Yet never envy did disjoin  
 Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.  
 Thus my first years in happiness I pass'd,  
 Nor any bitter cup did taste :  
 But, oh ! a deadly portion came at last.  
 As I lay loosely on my bed,  
 A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head  
 And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,  
 A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I  
 Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh) 70  
 Pierc'd through my ears : Arise, thy good Senander's  
 dead,

It shook my brain, and from their feast my frighted  
 senses fled.

## IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,  
 And anxious doubts of what I had to do,  
 Grew with succeeding years. 75  
 The world was wide, but whither should I go?  
 Whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,  
 Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?  
 To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,  
 Where Fortune's general game is play'd; 80  
 Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,  
 But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;  
 My forward spirit prompted me to find  
 A converse equal to my mind:  
 But by raw judgment easily misled, 85  
 (As giddy callow boys  
 Are very fond of toys)  
 I miss'd the brave and wise, and in their stead,  
 On every sort of vanity I fed. 89  
 Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,  
 Bullies of o'ergrown bulk and little souls,  
 Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as think  
 Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink  
 Are gallantry and wit,  
 Because to their lewd understandings fit) 95  
 Where those wherewith two years at least I spent,  
 To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;  
 Till at the last, myself more to abuse,  
 I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

## V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms, 100  
 To ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart;  
 Or, when she had him in her arms,  
 Secur'd his love with greater art.  
 I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)  
 No beauty, with my Muse's might compare. 105  
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,  
 Awful, yet kind; severe yet fair.  
 Upon her head a crown she bore,  
 Of laurel, which she told me should be mine;

And round her ivory neck she wore 110  
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine  
 With jewels and with gold,  
 Numberless to be told;  
 Which in imagination as I did behold,  
 And lov'd and wonder'd more and more, 115  
 Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,  
 Riches which never poet had before.  
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,  
 By royal favour, and by endless fame;  
 But never told 120  
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.  
 Thus, by the arts of this most sly  
 Deceiver, was I caught;  
 To her bewitching bondage brought.  
 Eternal constancy we swore 125  
 A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er,  
 And as we did in our entrancements lie,  
 I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,  
 No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

## VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond 130  
 When first his puillage he lost,  
 Or could of half my pleasure boast;  
 We never met but we enjoy'd,  
 Still transported, never cloy'd.  
 Chambers, closets, fields, and groves, 135  
 Bore witness of our daily loves;  
 And on the bark of ev'ry tree  
 You might the marks of our endearments see.  
 Distiches, posies, and the pointed bits  
 Of satire (written when a poet meets 140  
 His Muse's caterwauling fits)  
 You might on ev'ry rhind behold, and swear  
 I and my Clio had been at it there.  
 Nay, by my Muse too, I was blest  
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds, 145  
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,  
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best.

But in this most transporting height,  
 Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,  
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ; 150  
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone ;  
 My faithleis Muse, my faithleis Muse was gone ;  
 I try'd it I a verse could frame :  
 Oft I, in vain, invok'd my Clio's name.  
 The more I strove, the more I fail'd, 155  
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, cuis'd my dull skull, and  
 I fail'd,  
 Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the  
 last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,  
 No trav'ling matron in her child-birth pains,  
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son, 160  
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape  
 Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,  
 Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.  
 I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,  
 And swore I'd never write again, 165  
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.  
 But when my reck'ning I began to make,  
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;  
 I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake  
 I did myself undo, 170  
 Had robb'd me of my dearest store,  
 My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;  
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud and poor.

## VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,  
 I straight to council call'd ; 175  
 Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago  
 I had cashier'd, to please my flatt'ring fair.  
 To me with readinels he did repair.  
 Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find  
 Experience had restor'd him to my mind ; 180  
 And loyally did to me shew  
 How much himself he did abuse,  
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treache-  
 rous Muse.

I ask'd the causes why. He said,  
 'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid 185  
 When Fortune fled, for Fortune is a bawd  
 To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,  
 Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell,  
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow;  
 And where wit's lusty, shining god 190  
 Keeps his choice seraglio.  
 So whilst our fortune smiles our thoughts aspire,  
 Pleasure and fame's our business and desire,  
 Then, too, if we find  
 A promptness in the mind, 195  
 The Muse is always ready, always kind.  
 But if th' old harlot Fortune once denies  
 Her favour, all our pleasures and rich fancy dies.  
 And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse, too from  
 us flies.

## VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due 200  
 And as right search into myself I made,  
 I found all he had said  
 Was very honest, very true.  
 O how I hugg'd my welcome friend;  
 And much my muse I could not discommend 205  
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,  
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,  
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.  
 Then, to confirm me more,  
 He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes; 210  
 See here, my son, said he, the valued prize,  
 Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.  
 I look'd, and saw the rampart tawdry queen,  
 With a more horrid train  
 Than ever yet to satire lent a tale, 215  
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.  
 The first was he who stunk of that rank verse  
 In which he wrote his Sodom farce;  
 \* A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,  
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite, 220  
 To ruin and disgrace it quite.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

35

Philosophers of old did so express  
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.  
 Next him appear'd that blundering sot,  
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote. 225  
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;  
 By his flat broad face you'll know the owl.  
 The other birds have hooted him from light;  
 Much buffeting has made him love the night,  
 And only in the dark he strays; 23  
 Still wretch enough to live: with worse fools spends  
 his days,  
 And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.  
 The next there follow'd, to make up the throng,  
 Lord Lampoon, and Monsieur Song,  
 Who sought her love, and promis'd for't, 235  
 To make her famous at the court.  
 The city poet too was there,  
 In a black satin cap and his own hair,  
 And begg'd that he might have the honour  
 To beget a pageant on her 240  
 For the city's next lord mayor.  
 Her favours she to none deny'd:  
 They took her all by turns aside.  
 Till at the last up in the rear there came  
 The Poet's scandal, and the Mute's shame. 245  
 A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name:  
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell  
 How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he  
 now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.  
 Down in an obscure vale, 250  
 Mists, fogs, and fens, where mists and vapours rise,  
 Where never sun was seen by eyes,  
 Under a desert wood,  
 Which no man own, but all wild beasts were bred,  
 And kept their horid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,  
 A mill-pil'd cottage stood, 255  
 Built of men's bones, slaughter'd in civil war,  
 By magic art brought thither from afar,



There liv'd a widow'd witch,  
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn, 260  
 Like one whom wants and care had worn ;  
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,  
 Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.  
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride :  
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctified. 265  
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;  
 And when she curs'd she seem'd to pray.  
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,  
 And bore the name of godlinets ,  
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace. 270  
 Honest habits they all wore,  
 In outward shew most lamb-like and divine :  
 But inward of all vices they had store,  
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.  
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they all had by heart ;  
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part, 276  
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,  
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too.  
 Idolatry with her was held impure,  
 Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure. 280  
 Though not to paint, she'd arts to change the face,  
 And alter it in heavenly fashion,  
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,  
 And making ugly faces was mortification.  
 Her late dead pander was of well known fame, 285  
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name :  
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,  
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us !) the good  
 old cause.

## X.

A time there was (a sad one too)  
 When all things wore the face of woe, 290  
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,  
 And a destroying angel was sent down,  
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.  
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquer-  
 ing hand :

## THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grafs 37  
 Grew of great stalk, its colour grofs, 295  
 And melancholic poisonous green ;  
 Like those coarſe ſickly weeds on an old dunghill ſeen,  
 Where ſome murrain-murder'd hog,  
 Poſſon'd cat, or ſtrangled dog, 300  
 In rottenneſs had long unbury'd laid,  
 And the cold ſoil productive made. .  
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,  
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare ;  
 And as our deſtiny they ſcem'd t' unfold, 305  
 Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.  
 That dire commiſſion ended, down there came  
 Another angel, with a ſword of flame :  
 Deſolation ſoon he made,  
 And our new Sodom low in aſhes laid. 310  
 Diſtractions and diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,  
 When, in her pious old diſguiſe,  
 This witch, with all her mitchief-making train,  
 Began to ſhew herſelf again.  
 The ſons of Old Rebellion ſtraight ſhe ſummon'd all ;  
 Straight they were ready at her call : 315  
 Once more th' old bait before their eyes ſhe caſt,  
 That and her love they long'd to taſte ;  
 And to her luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.  
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore) 320  
 Was led aſtray, and had pollutions with his father's  
 whore.

## XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent  
 In ſafety from obſerving eyes,  
 Th' old ſtrumpet did herſelf diſguiſe  
 In coarſe weeds, and to the city went, 325  
 Affected truth, much modeſty, and grace,  
 And, like a worn out ſuburb trull, paſs'd there for a  
 new face.  
 Thither all her lovers flock'd,  
 And there for her ſupport ſhe found 329  
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much doth ſound  
 With all ingredients for his buſineſs ſtock'd,

Not unlike him whose story has a place  
 In the annals of Sir Hudibras.  
 Of all her business he took care,  
 And every knave or soul that to her did repair 335  
 Had by him admittance there.  
 By his contrivance to her did resort  
 All who had been disgusted at the court.  
 Those whose ambition had been crost,  
 Or by ill manners had preferments lost, 340  
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,  
 Lay nearest to her heart, and oftenest in her arms.  
 Interest in every faction, every sect, she sought;  
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought  
 All those who use religion for a fashion, 345  
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains  
 To make their godliness their gains,  
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,  
 She by her art ensnar'd and fetter'd in her chains.  
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,  
 The sabel power, the beggar'd spendthrift lands, 351  
 Out of the king's or bishop's hands.  
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,  
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude:  
 Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress 355  
 Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:  
 Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,  
 With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning  
 pasteboard popes.

## XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,  
 Till at the last she pregnant grew, 360  
 And from her womb, in little time brought forth,  
 This monstrous and detested birth.  
 Of children born with teeth we've heard,  
 And some like comets with a beard;  
 Which seem'd to be forerunners of dire change; 365  
 But never hitherto was seen,  
 Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch queen,  
 A form like this, so hideous and so strange.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

37

To help whole mother in her pains there came  
Many a well known dune.

370

The bawd Hypocrisy was there,  
And Madam Impudence the fair  
Dune scandal with her squinting eyes,  
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,  
And raise commotions in a jealous state,  
Was there, and Malice, queen of full spread lies,  
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

375

But midwife Mutiny, that busy liab,  
That's always talking, always loud,  
Was she that first took up the babe,

380

And of the office most was proud  
Behold its head of horrid form appears  
To spite the pillory, it hid no ears.

When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin  
To the blest family of Pryn

385

But scandal offered to depose her word,  
On oath, her father was a lord.

The nose was ugly long, and big,  
Broad and snouty, like a pig,

Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig, 390  
Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill pul'd rhymes,  
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,

And a hopeful youth to make him,

To nurse he straight was sent

395

To a sister-witch, though of another sort,

One who profess'd no good, nor any meant,

All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept,

Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,

A little smoky mansion of her own,

400

Where her familiars under did resort,

A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god,

And many an ugly loathsome toad

Crawl'd round her walls, and creak'd,

405

Under her roof all diurnal, black, and smok'd,

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,  
 Sprawling nests of little cats;  
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,  
 To make her spells succeed, and good. 416  
 Still at her shrivell'd breasts they hung, when'er mis-  
 kind she curst,  
 And with these foster brethren was our monster nurs'd.  
 In little time the hell-bred brat  
 Grew plump and fat,  
 Without his leading strings could walk, 415  
 And (as the sorceress taught him) talk.  
 At seven years old he went to school,  
 Where first he grew a foe to rule.  
 Never would he learn as taught,  
 But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.  
 Not that he wanted parts 421  
 To improve in letters, and proceed in arts;  
 But, as negligent as fly,  
 Of all perfections brutishly was full,  
 (By nature idly) lov'd to shift and lie, 425  
 And was obstinately dull.  
 Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sor  
 (And th' influence of the ill-genius of our land)  
 At last in part began to understand.  
 Some insight in the Latin tongue he got; 430  
 Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.  
 For which his guardians all think fit,  
 In compliment to his most hopeful wit,  
 He should be sent to learn the laws, 434  
 And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause,

## XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,  
 As by Nature he was bent  
 To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,  
 A wretch's converse much he did frequent:  
 One who this world, as that did him, disown, 440  
 And in an unfrequented corner, where  
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,  
 Led his hated life.

Needy, and e'en of necessaries bare,  
 No servant had he, children, friend, or wife: 445  
 But of a little remnant, got by fraud,  
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and be-  
 liev'd no Go.)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,  
 With which of beggars scraps he bought.  
 Then from a neighbouring fountain water got, 450  
 Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.  
 He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.  
 The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,  
 Lay like a den, uncleans'd; unswept:  
 And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept; 455  
 Old worn out statutes, and records  
 Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.  
 But bound up by themselves with care were laid  
 All the acts, resolves, and orders, made  
 By the old long Rump-parliament, 460  
 Through all the changes of its government:  
 From which with readiness he could debate  
 Concerning matters of the state,  
 All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

## XV.

His friendship much our monster sought 465  
 By instinct, and by inclination too:  
 So without much ado  
 They were together brought.  
 To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he  
 taught.  
 He learn'd of him all goodness to detest; 470  
 To be ashamed of no disgrace;  
 In all things but obedience to be beast;  
 To hide a coward's heart, and shew a bardy face.  
 He taught him to call government a clog,  
 But to bear beatings like a dog: 475  
 To have no religion, honesty, or sense  
 But to profess them all for a pretence,  
 Fraught with these morals, he began  
 To complete him more for man:

Distinguish'd to him in an hour 480  
 'Twixt legislative and judicial power;  
 How to frame a commonwealth,  
 And democracy, by stealth:  
 To pollute it at first, and cry,  
 'Twas but a well mixt monarchy, 485  
 And treason *salus populi*.  
 In rebellion to divide the nation,  
 By fan committees of association;  
 How by a lawful means to bring  
 In arms against himself the king, 490  
 With a distinguishing old trick,  
 'Twixt persons natural and politic;  
 How to make faithful servants traitors,  
 Thorough-plot'd rebels legislators,  
 And at last troopers adjutators. 495  
 Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough  
 Of such like wordy, canting stuff,  
 Our blade set forth, and quickly grew  
 A leader in a factious crew.  
 Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke, 500  
 And swell'd with every word he spoke,  
 By which becoming saucy grace,  
 He gain'd authority and place:  
 By many for preferments was thought fit,  
 For talking treason without fear or wit; 505  
 For opening failings in the state;  
 For loving noisy and unsound debate,  
 And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

## XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,  
 He very dreadful grew, 510  
 But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,  
 And th' hero to his distaff drew;  
 His foes that found him saw he was but man,  
 So when my faithless Clio by her inare  
 Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him  
 there, 515  
 At once to hate and scorn him I began;

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

43

'To see how foolishly she'd diest,  
 And for diversion trick'd the beast,  
 He was poetry all o'er,  
 On ev'ry side, behind, before 520  
 About him nothing could I see,  
 But party-colour'd poetry.  
 Painter's devices, litanies,  
 Ballads, and all the spurious excess  
 Of ills that malice could devise, 525  
 Or ever swain'd from a licentious press,  
 Hung round about him like a spell :  
 And in his own hand too was wit,  
 That worthy piece of modern wit,  
 The country's late appeal. 530  
 But from such ills when will our wretched state  
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?  
 'Tis said we may in ancient legends read  
 Of a huge dragon sent by fate  
 To lav a sinful kingdom waste : 435  
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,  
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast :  
 Till wretched matrons curst their womb,  
 So hardly was their loss endur'd ;  
 The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs 540  
 In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were  
 cur'd.  
 Till, like our monster too, and with the same  
 Curst ends, to the metropolis he came ;  
 His cruelties renew'd again,  
 And every day a maid was slain. 545  
 The curse through every family had past,  
 When to the sacrifice at last,  
 Th' unhappy monarch's only child must how :  
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal bro-  
 ther now.

XVII.

'On him this dragon Libel needs will pray ; 550  
 On him has cast  
 His sordid venom, and profan'd  
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,



Which shall for ever stand  
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last, 555  
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.  
 Else tell me why, some prophet that is wise,  
 Heaven took such care  
 To make him ev'ry thing that's rare,  
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes. 560  
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes ?  
 Why at his presence shrink his foes ?  
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend ?  
 Why through the world is he to be distinguish'd most  
 By titles, which but few can boast, 565  
 A most just master, and a faithful friend ?  
 One who never yet did wrong  
 To high or low, to old or young ?  
 Of him what orphan can complain ?  
 Of him what widow make her moan ? 570  
 But such as wish him here again,  
 And miss his goodness now he's gone,  
 In this he (as I'm sure 'tis) true,  
 Then pray thee, prophet, tell me too,  
 Why lives he in the world's esteem, 575  
 Not one man's foe ? and then why are not all men  
 Friends with him ?

## XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake  
 For his ungrateful country's sake,  
 What dangers or what labours did they ever shun ?  
 Or what wonders has not done ? 580  
 Watchful all night, and busy all the day,  
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)  
 Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.  
 Then did the English lion roar,  
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay, 585  
 Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,  
 Of Britain's honour, and his own,  
 To them he like a threatening comet shin'd ;  
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind ;  
 But constant as the stars that never move, 590  
 Or as women would have love.

## THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

45

'The trembling genius of their state  
 Look'd out, and straight shrank back his head,  
 To see our daring banners spread :  
 Whilst in their harbours they  
 Like batten'd monsters weltering lay ;  
 The winds, when ours th' had kiss'd, scorn'd with  
     their flags to play,  
 But, drooping like their captain's hearts,  
 Each pendant, every streamer hung ;  
 The tamen seem'd t' have lost their arts ;  
 Their ships at anchor now, of which we had heard  
     them boast,  
 With ill fuil'd sails and rattling loose, by every bil-  
     low tost,  
 Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;  
 Till at the last, provok'd with shame,  
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came ,  
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave,  
 Seldom true, and now not brave :  
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,  
 And ran away in the goodnatur'd night.

## XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,  
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,  
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.  
 To him then every heart was open, down  
 From the great man to the clown :  
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ;  
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,  
 Each honest fellow cry'd, fill full my glals ;  
 And shew'd the fulness of his mind.  
 No discontented vermin of ill times  
 Dur then affront him but in show ;  
 Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes ;  
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.  
 And whose heart would not wish so too.  
 That had but seen  
 When his tumultuous misdeeds rose  
 Against him rose.  
 With what heroic grace

He chose the weight of wrong to undergo  
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,  
 True witness of the innocence within. 630  
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring  
 For his retreat to foreign land,  
 Since sent from the relenting hand  
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king;  
 It in his heart regret did rise 635  
 It never escap'd his tongue or eyes;  
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,  
 And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

## XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,  
 Sad as the business, sullen too 640  
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,  
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay.  
 The court, whence pleasure us'd to flow,  
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe.  
 Desolate was every room, 645  
 Where men for news and business us'd to come;  
 With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd  
 In silence, and with caution talk'd.  
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew near  
 When he must part: his last short time was spent 650  
 In loving blessings on his children dear.  
 To them with eager haste and love he went;  
 The eldest first embraced,  
 As new-born day in beauty bright,  
 But sad in mind as deepest night, 655  
 What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them past,  
 Till grief too close upon them crept;  
 So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.  
 Much on the father in his breast did rise.  
 When on the next he fix'd his eyes 660  
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,  
 Full of kind play, and pretty charms;  
 And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,  
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;  
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay, 665  
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

## XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.  
 The appointed time was almost past,  
 Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid him  
     haste  
 To seek a foreign home ; 670  
 The summons he resolv'd to obey,  
 Diddaining of his suffering to complain,  
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain ;  
 So forth he came, attended on his way  
 By a sad lamenting throng, 675  
 That blest him, and about him hung.  
 A weight his gen'rous heart could hardly bear ;  
 But for the comfort that was near,  
 His beautiful mate, the fountain of his joys,  
 That fed his soul with love ; 680  
 The cordial that can mortal pains remove,  
 To which all wordly blessings else are toys.  
 I saw them ready for departure stand ,  
 Just when approach'd the Monarch of our land,  
 And took the charming mourner by the hand : 685  
 T' expects all noblest offices he strove,  
 Or royal goodness, and a brother's love.  
 Then down to the shore side,  
 Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,  
 With solemn pace they pass'd, 690  
 And there so tenderly embrac'd,  
 All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,  
 And then kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart.  
 The hand in hand the pity'd pair  
 Turn'd round to face their fate ; 795  
 She, ev'n amidst afflictions, fair,  
 He, though oppress'd, still great.  
 Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,  
 Where, as the troubled fair-one to the shore some  
     wishes sent 700  
 For that dear pledge she'd left behind,  
 And as her passion grew too much for her mind,  
 She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,

Which, as upon her cheek they lay,  
The happy hero kiss'd away, 705  
And, as she wept, blushed with disdain, and smil'd.  
Straight forth they launch into the high swollen Thames;  
The well struck oars lave up the yielding streams.  
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing flood ;  
Till they were got into the wider flood ; 710  
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,  
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore. 712



# PHEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

## The Argument.

Theseus, the son of Aegæus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so, together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where, being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Thebes, her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

IF thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,  
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy;  
Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,  
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:  
Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move;  
By letters foes converse, and learn to love.  
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,  
Upon my fault'ring tongue abortive dy'd;  
Long shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,  
But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.  
Tis dangerous to resist the pow'r of Love,  
The gods obey him, and he's king above;  
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,  
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:  
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine  
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!  
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,  
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.  
But love long breeding to worst pain does turn:  
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!  
As the young bull, or couster, yet untam'd,  
When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and main'd;  
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find  
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:  
When young Love's pangs by arts we may remove,  
But in our riper years with rage we love.  
To thee I yield, then, all my dear renown,  
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.  
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,  
Or the ripe fruit that counts him so't a prize?

But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd  
 Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd ?  
 Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run ;  
 'Tis not a sin but when 'tis coarsely done.  
 And now should Juno leave her Jove to me, 35  
 I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee :  
 Believe me too, with strange desires I change,  
 Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.  
 To thy delights and Delia I incline,  
 Make her my goddess too, because she's thine ; 40  
 I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,  
 And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,  
 Shaking my dart ; then, the chase ended, lye  
 Stretch'd on the grass, and wouldst not thou be by ?  
 Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride, 45  
 And love myself the furious steeds to guide.  
 Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,  
 Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they  
 When under Ida's hills they offerings pay :  
 E'en mad as those the deities of night  
 And water, Fauns and Dryads do assight,  
 But still each little interval I gain,  
 Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.  
 Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,  
 And Venus will have tribute of us all. 55  
 Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,  
 And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame ?  
 She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,  
 And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.  
 The faithless Theseus, by my sister's aid, 60  
 The monster slew, and a safe conquest made :  
 Now, in that family, my-right to save,  
 I am at last on the same terms a slave :  
 'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,  
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee. 65  
 Let monuments of triumph then be shewn  
 For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.  
 When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,  
 Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid ;



Painted by T. Kirk and Engraved by J. Hoagie





'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain, 70  
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein :  
 White was thy robe, a gulant deck'd thy head,  
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread :  
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,  
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms : 75  
 I love the man whose fashion's least his care,  
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair,  
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,  
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.  
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart, 80  
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art :  
 To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,  
 And all thou dost is lovely in my sight :  
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign.  
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine. 85  
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,  
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none ?  
 That pleasure palls, it 'tis enjoy'd too long ;  
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.  
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow, 90  
 Else to thy aim 'twill weak and useless grow.  
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,  
 And by him many a boar and paid was slain,  
 Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,  
 Who wisely left old age, for youth like thine. 95  
 Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,  
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy ;  
 Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,  
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught :  
 Be thou and I the next best sylvan pair ; 100  
 Where love's a stranger, woods but deserts are.  
 With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,  
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.  
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,  
 Where on each side the beating billows rise, 105  
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,  
 More blest'd and pleas'd than in my native Crete.  
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away  
 At Ithessaly, where always let him stay

With his Perithous, whom well I see  
 Prefer'd above Hippolytus or me.  
 Nor has he only thus express'd his hate:  
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:  
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,  
 Then from my sister I dily ran away,  
 And left expos'd to ev'ry beast a prey:  
 A wulke queen to thee thy being gave,  
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,  
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,  
 Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.  
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in sight,  
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right:  
 And it, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,  
 Believe it his, and none of Phædia's fault:  
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,  
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,  
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?  
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;  
 Mother and son are notions, very names  
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then  
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;  
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,  
 And with his sister did himself begin.  
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,  
 When we express it in the closest love.  
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;  
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,  
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown  
 A mother's kindness, to a grateful son.  
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,  
 To unlock the gates, and cry, My love this way!  
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray  
 But in one house, as heretofore we'll live;  
 In public, kisses take: in public, give;  
 Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause  
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:  
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;  
 So may my tyrant love to thee be kind,

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

For this I am a humble suppliant grown ; 53  
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone ? 150  
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,  
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right ;  
 Now on my own I crawl to clasp thy knees ;  
 What's decent no true lover cares or sees : 155  
 Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,  
 But beauty's bludhes still are in my face.  
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,  
 And then some pity on my sufferings take. 159  
 What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies ;  
 Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies ;  
 What though my father's fire in beams drest gay  
 Dives round the burning chariot of the day ;  
 Then honour all in me to Love's a slave, 164  
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.  
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,  
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king :  
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,  
 So may'st thou never love a scornful fan ;  
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still, 170  
 And every wood afford thee game to kill ;  
 So may the mountain gods, and satyrs all  
 Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall ;  
 So may the water nymphs in heat of day,  
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay, 175  
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,  
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine,  
 I think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine.



## EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE.

**M**Y much lov'd friend, when thou art from my  
 eyes,  
 How do I loath the day, and light despise !  
 Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,  
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least ;  
 Or it e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,  
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee ;  
 Last night methought (heaven make the next as kind)  
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd  
 As our first parent in their Eden were,  
 Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care ;      10  
 We two together wander'd through a grove,  
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,  
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our love ;  
 Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,  
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty ;      15  
 While through the gladsome choir well pleas'd we  
 walk'd,  
 And of our present valu'd state thus talk'd .

How happy are we in this sweet retreat ?  
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great ?  
 Who for preferments, at a court would wait,      20  
 Where every gudgeons nibbling at the bait ?  
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,  
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,  
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste  
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste ;      25  
 When the wide river he bound him lies,  
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease ?  
 No cares or business here disturb our hours,  
 While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,  
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,      30  
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day ;  
 Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,  
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,  
 Just as the sun declining with his beams,  
 Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams ;

Amidst whose current rising fishes play,  
 And roll in wanton liberty away.  
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,  
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,  
 Nightly their solemn organs meeting keep,  
 And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep:  
 There we two lie, betwixt us may be'st spread  
 Some books, few understand, tho' many read.  
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,  
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more. 45  
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,  
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex  
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,  
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd:  
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms,  
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms. 50  
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,  
 Then gentle friendship, and their martial fire;  
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,  
 And love their friendship, so much like our own. 55  
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,  
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,  
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,  
 To taste of pleasures, priz'd by him so well?  
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd 60  
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:  
 A generous bottle and a lovesome she,  
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:  
 To which retiring quietly at night,  
 If (as that only can) to add delight, 65  
 When to our little cottage we repair,  
 We find a friend or two we'd wish for there.  
 Dear Beverley, kind as parting lover's tears,  
 Adderley, honest as the sword he wears,  
 Wilton, professing friendship yet a friend, 70  
 Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,  
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,  
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good,  
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,  
 And for a taste of life to us come down, 75

With eager arms, how closely we embrace!  
 What joys in every heart, and every face!  
 The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,  
 With choicest meats at least, though not with store:  
 Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train, 80  
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:  
 Each waited on by a bright vugin glass,  
 Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass.  
 Then down we sit, while every genius tries  
 To improve, till he deserves his sacrifice: 85  
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,  
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night,  
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll part,  
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,  
 And leads her willing 'o his silent bed, 9  
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,  
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;  
 Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep  
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;  
 At dawn of morning to renew delight, 95  
 So quiet craving love, till the next night:  
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,  
 And to our books our earliest visit make;  
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,  
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all: 100  
 While the poor under faculties resort,  
 And to her fickle majesty make court;  
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,  
 But usefully; no entrance to be had.  
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind, 105  
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind:  
 He meets reception from the antic queen,  
 Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when  
 Attended by those fine dress'd gentlemen.  
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows, 110  
 And into court with resolute virtue goes,  
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,  
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away!  
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shook  
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook; 111

When waking as I cast my eyes around,  
 Nothing but old loathed vanities I found ;  
 No grave, no freedom, and, what's worse to me,  
 No friend, for I have none compar'd with thee.  
 Soon then my thoughts with then old tyrant Care 120  
 Were seiz'd, which to divert, I fram'd this prayer :

Gods ! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,  
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.

Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,  
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world : 125

But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,  
 By day what's needful, and at night soft ease ;

The friend I trust in, and the she I love,

Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish remove,

Make me as great (that's wretched) as you can, 130

Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man ;

To be by fools misl'd, to knaves a prey,

But make life what I ask or take 't away. 133





## TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

**S**IR, when your book the first time came abroad,  
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;  
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,  
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.  
 Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake  
 The power of English verse to undertake. 5  
 This all men thought; but you are born, we find,  
 T' out-do the expectations of mankind,  
 Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,  
 Envy's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd: 10  
 For when the rich original we peruse,  
 And by it try the metal you produce,  
 Though there indeed the purest ore we find,  
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:  
 Thus when the great Lucretius gives a looke, 15  
 And lashes to his speed his fiery Mule;  
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,  
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race;  
 But when in rugged way we find him rein  
 His verse, and not to smooth a stroke maintain; 20  
 There the advantage he receives is found,  
 By you taught temper, and to chuse his ground.  
 Next, his philosophy you've so express'd  
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dress'd,  
 Those murderers that now mingle it all day 25  
 In schools may learn from you the easy way  
 To let us know what they would mean and say:  
 If Aristotle's friends will show the grace  
 To wave for once that statute in their case.  
 Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire, 30  
 And reach this height, aim yet at last els higher:  
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrol,  
 He undismur'd has labour'd with so long  
 In Homour rhyme, and, lest the book should fail,  
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale: 35  
 So tasters set out signs, for muddy ale.

You're only able to retrieve his doom,  
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome :  
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,  
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood ; 40  
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,  
 Virgil and Horace, thole three sons of Fame ;  
 Since to their memory it is so true,  
 And shews their poetry so much in you.  
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle, 45  
 Which ignorant poetsasters do defile  
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse ;  
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.  
 Would Plautus, Terence, e'er have been so lewd  
 'T' have diest Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd ? 50  
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,  
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd  
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,  
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall  
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call ? 55  
 No, since we live in such a fulsome age,  
 When nonsense loads the press, and choaks the stage ;  
 When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,  
 And every dunce, that starves, pretumes to write,  
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause, 60  
 Proclaim the right, and to maintain their laws  
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue ;  
 That so each chattering dave, who aims at song,  
 In his own mother-tongue may humbly read  
 What engines yet are wanting in his head. 65  
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,  
 For of all Nature's works, we most should scorn  
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,  
 Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,  
 And senselessly, as squibels jingle bells. 70  
 Such things, Sir, here abound ; may therefore you  
 Be ever to you friends, the Muses, true !  
 May our defects be by your pow'rs supply'd,  
 Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride ;  
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph blest  
 The majesty of poetry return ! 76

## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK

*Coming to the Theatre, Friday April 21, 1682*

**W**HEN too much plenty, luxury and ease,  
 Had surfeited this isle to a disease;  
 When nought but blains did its best parts o'er-spread,  
 And on the rust their dire infection shed;  
 Our great physician, who the nature knew  
 Of the disorder, and from whence it grew,  
 Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sin, on you:  
 He cast his searching eye's o'er all the frame,  
 And finding whence before one sickness came,  
 How once before our mischiefs foster'd were, 14  
 Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:  
 Where to your goodness, so your justice sway'd,  
 You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.  
 When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,  
 New form'd rebellion durst rear up its head, 15  
 Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?  
 See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,  
 Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;  
 Think on the blood was shed for you before,  
 And curse the patricides that thirst for more. 20  
 His foes are yours, then; or then wiles beware:  
 Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,  
 Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;  
 He wears a sword will justify your love.  
 With blood still ready for your good to expend, 25  
 And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.  
 His duteous loyalty before you lay,  
 And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.  
 Think what he's borne, your quiet to restore;  
 Repent your madness, and rebel no more. 30  
 No more let Boutevieux hope to lead petitions,  
 Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;  
 Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,  
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.

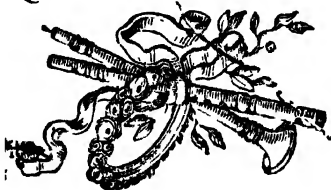
EPILOGUE.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,  
 What prince can be too jealous of their powers,  
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd?  
 They're all content that ev'ry where go arm'd.  
 And when the horned heid's together got,  
 Nothing portends a common-wealth like that. 40  
 Cast cast your idols off, your gods of wood,  
 Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood.  
 Renounce your priests of Baal, with amen faces,  
 Your Wapping teafs, and your Mile-en' high places.  
 Nail all your medals on the gillows post, 45  
 In recompence th' original was lost:  
 At theek, illustrious repentance pay,  
 In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:  
 Let loyal pardon be by him implor'd,  
 Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord: 50  
 He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage  
 A people's folly, and rous'd monarch's rage.  
 An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,  
 Fated with wondrous happiness to come,  
 He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home: 55  
 Send all your wishes with him, let the air  
 With gentle breezes waft it safely there,  
 The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fau:  
 Let the illustrious mother touch our land  
 Mildly, as hereafter may her son command, 60  
 While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,  
 With kind assurance she shall part no more.  
 Be the majestic babe then smiling born,  
 And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,  
 So live and grow a constant pledge to stand,  
 Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land. 66



SPOKEN TO  
 HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,  
 ON HER  
 RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,  
 IN THE YEAR 1692.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,  
 And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,  
 That come to treat your longing wishes here,  
 Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them here.  
 Thus falling on your knees with me in lore,  
 May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!  
 But if there any in this circle be,  
 That come to curse to envy what they see,  
 From the vain fool that would be great too soon,  
 To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!  
 Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,  
 Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.  
 Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,  
 The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:  
 From whom our present peace we expect increas'd  
 And all our future generations blest.  
 I now, have a care—bring hither the hour of joy,  
 When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:  
 And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;  
 Bless him with days of strength, and make them long,  
 Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,  
 Three kingdoms banner'd waiting his command,  
 His father's conquering sword within his hand:  
 Then th' English lions in the air advance,  
 And with them roaring music to the dance,  
 Carry a Quo Warranto into France.



## PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BLHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

**H**OW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,  
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age!  
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;  
 You care as little what the poets teach  
 As you regard at church what parsons preach. 5  
 But where such follies and such vices reign,  
 What honest man has patience to refrain?  
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly kneel,  
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to reel;  
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there, 10  
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:  
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,  
 And run to very evenly your race,  
 Ye improve in wit just as ye do in grace.  
 It must be so, some dæmon has possess'd 15  
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.  
 Ye have seen it all, and I heard of its renown,  
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,  
 Six yemen tail attending on its frown.  
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore, 20  
 'T would play the apostolic function o'er:  
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!  
 Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,  
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew  
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown, 25  
 Though still the cunning devil sav'd his own:  
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,  
 The table Pug, most dextrously uncass,  
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,  
 And in a moment vari'd to defy us; 30  
 From tilken doctor, homely pun Ananias:  
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,  
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,  
 And fills the heads of fools with politics.  
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest, 35  
 To part with zealous guinea for—no least.

Who, but the most incorrigible tops,  
 For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,  
 'To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,  
 Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings?  
 Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er; 41  
 But who is paid for a sham treat before?  
 Had you not better sent your offerings all  
 Hither to us, than Sequestrator's Hall?  
 I being your steward, justice had been done; ye;  
 I could have entertain'd you worth your money. 46



PROLOGUES.

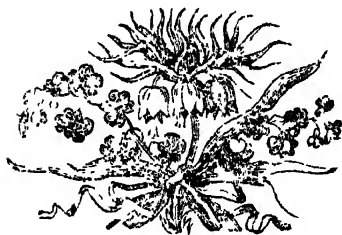
PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

**W**HAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first  
 Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,  
 That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,  
 That when its spirit o'er the waters stir'd,  
 When it saw all, and said that all was good, 5  
 The creature poet was not understood:  
 For, were it worth the pains of six long days,  
 To mould reamblers or dull chud day plays,  
 That should out threecore years in hopes of bays?  
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation, 10  
 But come of more equivocal generation?  
 Like rats in flaps, without cotion bred,  
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.  
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,  
 Scarce knowing poets, less by poets known. 15  
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,  
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.  
 Disabled waiting whoresmasters are not  
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,  
 Than tumbling itching rhymers of the town 20  
 To adopt some hate-born song that's not their own.  
 Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,  
 To please the importunity of friends.  
 'Tis duller he, thought most for business fit,  
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit; 25  
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,  
 Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.  
 The poet and the whore alike complains  
 Of trading quality, that spoils their gains;  
 The lords will write, and ladies will have swains! 30  
 Therefore all you who have male issue born  
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,  
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,  
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:  
 Tell them how Spencer starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,  
 How Butler's faith and service was return'd; 36



And if such warning they refuse to take,  
This last experiment, O parents make!  
With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,  
The parish whip and badle by his side, 43  
Then lead him to some stall that does expose  
The authors he loves most, there rub his nose,  
Till like a spindle lash'd to know command,  
He by the due correction understand,  
To keep his brain clean, and not toul the head; 45  
Till he against his nature learn to strive,  
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive. 47



## THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

**I**N forms when clouds the moon do hide,  
 And no land stars the pilot guide,  
 Shew me a sea the boldest there,  
 Who does not wish for quiet here.  
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights, 5  
 Bears weary marches sleepless nights,  
 For this need, hard, and lodges cold;  
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.  
 Since wealth and power too weak we find,  
 To quell the tumults of the mind, 10  
 Or from the monarch's rots of state  
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait:  
 Happy the man with little blist,  
 Of what his father left possist  
 No base desires corrupt his head, 15  
 No fears disturb him in his bed.  
 What then in life, which soon must end,  
 Can all our vain designs intend?  
 From shore to shore why should we run,  
 When none his tire some seli can shun? 20  
 For harmful care will still prevail,  
 And overtake us under sail,  
 'I will dodge the great man's train behind,  
 Out-run the roe, out fly the wind.  
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day, 25  
 Drive far to morrow's cares away.  
 In laughter let them all be drown'd:  
 No perfect good is to be found.  
 One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,  
 Another's lingering death comes slow; 30  
 And what of life they take from thee,  
 The gods may give to punish me.  
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,  
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,  
 Horses and chariots for thy ease, 35  
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.

For me, a little cell I chuse,  
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,  
Which soft content does best adorn,  
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

40

THE BEGINNING OF  
A PASTORAL,  
ON THE  
DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,  
And thus disturbs the shepherd's peaceful reign?  
A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,  
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.  
The bleating flocks in wild confusion start,  
The early larks forsake their warbling art,  
And cease to welcome in the new-born day,  
Each nymph possess'd with a distracted thought,  
Disorder'd hangs her head dishevel'd hair,  
Diseas'd with her strong convulsions reign,  
And dainties, not known hitherto to pain,  
Are now with apoplectic tizzies stain.  
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,  
Each humble plant does droop her silver tears.  
Ye tender lulls, stay not so fast away,  
To weep and mourn let us together stay.  
O'er all the universe let it be spread,  
That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.  
The royal Pan, great shepherd of the sheep,  
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,  
Is gone, ah gone! never to return from death's eternal  
Begin, Daphnis, let thy numbers fly [sleep]  
Alott, where the roe milk-vay does lie;  
Mopius, who Daphnis to the flutes did sing,  
Shall join with you, and thither wait our king.  
Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,  
And tell in notes through all th' Arcadian plain,  
The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,  
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, [sleep]  
Is gone, ah gone! never to return from death's eternal

THE COMPLAINT.  
THE COMPLAINT:

69

A SONG.  
*To a Scotch Tune.*

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,  
No quiet's in my mind,  
Though ne'er could be a happier swain,  
Were Sylvia less unkind.  
For when, so long her chains I've worn, 5  
I ask relief from smart,  
She only gives me looks of scorn,  
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

My rivals, rich in worldly store,  
May offer heaps of gold, 10  
But surely I, she heaven adore,  
Too precious to be sold ;  
Can Sylvia such a cockcomb prize,  
For wealth, and not desert ;  
And my poor sighs and tears despise ? 15  
Alas ! 't will break my heart !

When, like some panting, hovering dove,  
I for my blis contend,  
And plead the cause of eager love,  
She coldly calls me friend. 20  
Alas, Sylvia ! thus vain you strive  
To act a healers part:  
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,  
Alas ! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive bed 25  
I lay me down to rest,  
In hope to calm my raging head,  
And cool my burning breast,  
Her cruelty all ease denies :  
With some sad dream I start ; 30  
All drown'd with tears I find my eyes,  
And breaking feel my heart.

Then, rising, through the path I love,  
 That leads me where she dwells,  
 Where, to the senseless waves, my love 35  
 Its mournful story tells ;  
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,  
 Till morning bids depart ,  
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :  
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart ! 40

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,  
 And I am dead and cold,  
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,  
 Nor glory when 'tis told ;  
 For every lovely generous maid 45  
 Will take my injur'd part,  
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,  
 For breaking my poor heart. 50

FINIS.



# CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Life of the Author,	5
Windtor Castle,	11
The Enchantment,	26
The Poet's Complaint of his Muse ; or a Satire against Libels,	27
Ode,	29
Phædra to Hippolytus,	49
Epistle to Mr. Duke,	54
To M <sup>r</sup> . Creech, on his Translation of Lucretius	58
Epilogue, spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre, Fri- day, April 21, 1682,	60
Spoken to her Royal Highness on her Return from Scotland in the Year 1682,	62
Prologue to Mrs. Behn's City Heiress,	63
Prologue to N. Lee's Constantine the Great,	65
The sixteenth Ode of the Second Book of Horace,	67
The Beginning of a Pastoral on the Death of his late Majesty,	68
The Complaint, a Song,	69















